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WASHINGTON'S RESIGNATION.

In connection with the approaching event of General Grant's inauguration as President of the United States—an event destined to be memorable in our history—there is one incident in the career of General Washington that is especially called to our minds: it is the resignation of his commission as Commander-in-Chief, at Annapolis, December 23, 1783.

For eight years Washington had devoted his life to the service of his country. The revolution had been accomplished, and the struggling republic began its career as an independent nation. The preceding month had witnessed the evacuation of New York by the British. On the 2d of November Washington issued his "Farewell Address to the Armies of the United States." On the 25th he entered New York, where, a few days later, he took a final leave of his principal officers. After this scene—one of the most touching that is recorded in military annals—he walked in silence to Whitehall, followed by a vast procession, and took his departure for Annapolis, where Congress was about to assemble. Here he arrived on the evening of December 19. The next day he informed Congress of his desire to resign his commission. That body resolved that it should be done at a public audience on the 23d, at noon.

The day was fine, and around the State-house a great concourse was assembled. The little gallery of the Senate Chamber was filled with ladies, among whom was Mrs. Washington. The members of Congress were seated and covered; the spectators were all uncovered. Washington entered and was led to a chair, when General Mifflin, President of Congress, arose and announced the readiness of that body to receive his communications. The Chief, with great dignity and much feeling, delivered a brief speech. "Happy," said he, "in the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, and pleased with the opportunity afforded the United States of becoming a respectable nation, I resign with satisfaction the appointment I accepted with diffidence—a diffidence in my abilities to accomplish so arduous a task, which, however, was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme power of the Union, and the patronage of Heaven." After other remarks he handed his commission to the President, who received it and made an eloquent reply.

After his resignation General Washington set out for Mount Vernon. All the way from Annapolis, as indeed it had been from New York, his progress was a triumphal march.

On our first page we publish an original portrait of Washington, engraved from a painting made by Polk at Valley Forge. This painting is now in the possession of the venerable and accomplished widow of John J. Audubon, the celebrated naturalist. The following is its history:

The great American naturalist's father, John Audubon, commenced life as a sailor, and was successful, after a few years of well-directed industry, in obtaining a handsome property in St. Domingo; following which he received an official appointment on that island, the duties of which, on his return to France, brought him in contact with the influential men connected with the "First Empire." While resident of France, after his acquirement of fortune and official influence, he purchased a beautiful estate on the Loire, seven miles from Nantes.

While residing in the West Indies John Audubon frequently visited North America, and with great business foresight purchased lands in Louisiana, Virginia, and Pennsylvania.

When Rochambeau, in 1780, was sent to America, John Audubon held an important command in the fleet; and this position, with the fact that he had married an American wife, gave him naturally a large influence with the American officers, and secured the notice and friendship of General Washington.

During the revolutionary war John Audubon (now styled Commodore), took possession of Mill Grove, on the Perkcominy Creek, the residence of which, the Schuylkill flowing between, was about one mile from Washington's head-quarters at Valley Forge. The presumption is that the vivacious sea-faring, and by marriage semi-American, and strong republican French officer, was a frequent visitor at Washington's head-quarters, and probably by his manners and conversation shed some geniality over the dark days of that eventful period in our revolutionary struggle.

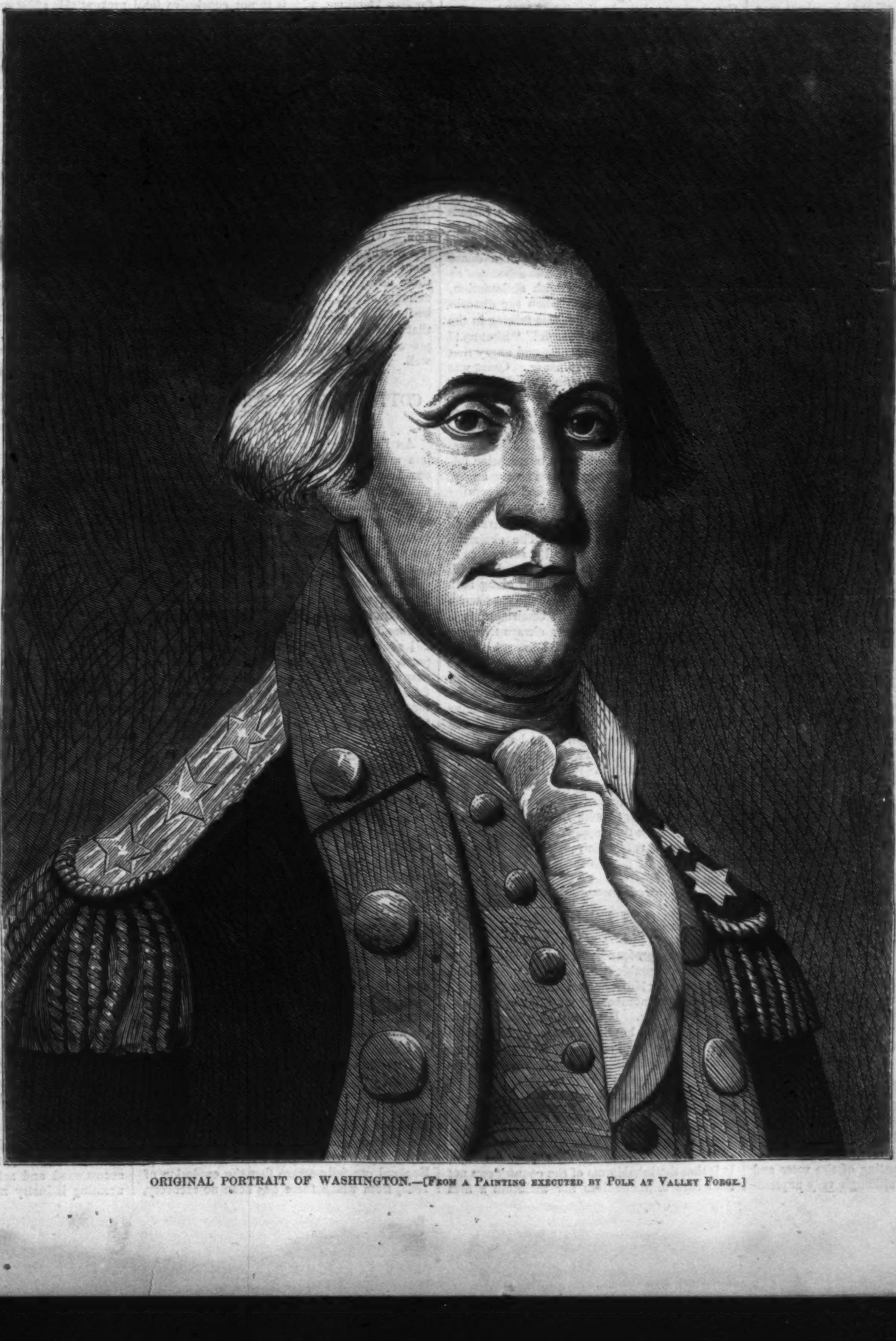
While thus situated it would seem that the camp had its resident artist by the name of Polk, who painted at the same time, and of the same size, the portraits of Commodore Audubon and General Washington. These two pictures Commodore Audubon, at the "declaration of peace," took to France, and they became conspicuous ornaments of his country seat on the Loire.

In the year 1835, while John J. Audubon was with his family in London, he sent his eldest son to Nantes with a power of attorney to put his sister in possession of all the French property willed to him by his father, the old Commodore. The son faithfully executed his father's wishes, reserving nothing but the two portraits, one of Washington and the other of M. Audubon senior. In the half century, nearly, in which they had hung undisturbed the frames were so destroyed by time that they fell to pieces; the pictures, however, were brought to London and carefully lined by an expert in such matters. Upon the old and discarded sketching-frame, or upon the back of the pictures — Mrs. Audubon does not now remember which—was the name of the artist.

Mr. Polk's picture realizes all that has been said by contemporaneous historians, and represented by other artists, of the dignity and benevolence of Washington's face. It combines characteristics that are discernible in Peal's picture, in Stuart's master-pieces, and Houdon's bust. Washington, at the time the picture was painted, was nearly fifty years of age, consequently in the prime of life. The negligence, comparatively speaking, of the hair is what might be expected of camp-life in the terrible winter that surrounds the memories of Valley Forge. Upon the epaulets are three stars in silver; we do not remember of seeing this designation of the rank of commander-in-chief on any other picture, and they are not on Houdon's statue, though the epaulets on the latter are perfect *fac-similes* of those in Polk's picture.

Polk seems to have executed several paintings of Washington, as there are others which bear his name. One was found at Leesburg, on the estate of Arthur Lee. Concerning the one from which our engraving is taken there can be no doubt as to its genuineness, as the account of it has been handed down from father to son.

Every thing relating to Washington is held in such reverence by mankind that it is an event to present an original picture, which, after a lapse of nearly ninety years, dating from its production, is brought from the seclusion of private life and given to the world.



ORIGINAL PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.—[From a Painting executed by Polk at Valley Forge.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1869.

COUNTING THE VOTES.

THE scene at the counting of the votes for President and Vice-President was both outrageous and absurd. Every body and every thing were at cross-purposes; but in the universal confusion, of the two prominent figures we very much prefer that of old **BEN WADE** vigorously pounding with his gavel, completely obfuscated, declaring every thing out of order, but insisting that the result of the count should be announced, to that of General **BUTLER** pulling up his coat-sleeves and suggesting that the Hall be cleared of interlopers. Mr. **WADE** ludicrously fails in every requisite of a presiding officer except dogged persistence. The difficulty could easily have been avoided had he instantly ruled General **BUTLER** out of order, and upon the appeal being pressed, submitting the question to the assembled Senate and House; because the vote sustaining the ruling would have been so overwhelming that the question whether a numerical majority of the assembly or of each House were necessary, would not have been raised. But when the "old Roman" directed the Senate to withdraw the anarchy was complete, for it showed that the presiding genius of the occasion had not the faintest conception of the rules that could alone control the situation.

The conduct of General **BUTLER** was what should have been expected. It was of the most characteristic "Old Bailey" school. There was undoubtedly a very grave question involved in what he asserted, but his manner of stating it naturally excited the utmost doubt and suspicion. It was a comical effort to browbeat men who were quite as resolute and shrewd as himself. When the General was a practicing lawyer in Middlesex County, Massachusetts, he had to examine a Professor in Harvard College as a witness, not long after the execution of Dr. **WEBSTER**. With singular delicacy and fairness he began, "What is your profession?" "I am Professor at Cambridge." "Oh! Professor at Cambridge; yes, we hung one of 'em t'other day." The anecdote has a flavor of **JEFFRIES**. In the storm of last week in the House the General showed the same spirit. "The Senators," said the honorable gentleman from the Fifth District of Massachusetts, "can go out when they want to, but we can't kick them out when we want to." And upon what ground was this courteous remark made? Simply because there was opposition to the General's claim that the House should disregard a rule of its own which it had not rescinded. This extraordinary performance of the General was but another of the illustrations which he so profusely furnishes of the extreme disadvantage to a public man of having been educated as a pro-slavery politician. The General's political energies down to 1861 were directed to justifying the most flagrant system of outrage upon justice and human rights. It was a business that spurned reason and courtesy and demanded the bluster and brutality that were known, when they appeared in Congress, as "plantation manners," of which the most characteristic display was **PRESTON BROOKS**'s assault upon Senator **SUMNER** and the "scrimmage" of **BARKSDALE** in the House. Tried by that standard, the conduct of General **BUTLER** at the counting of the votes was full of promise.

As to the essential difficulty involved in his extraordinary remarks, the General was too hot to perceive it. It is a constitutional difficulty as Mr. **SHELLABARGER** clearly explained. It is a difficulty to consider which required every quality that the General did not display, and which was only increased by every quality that he did. The Constitution provides that the votes shall be counted by the Vice-President in the presence of both Houses. The Houses are to be witnesses that he counts correctly, but the Constitution does not provide for the case of fraud in the returns or of dishonesty upon the part of the Vice-President. This is an omission to be remedied by law rather than by joint resolution, and ought to have been provided for. But it could not possibly be provided for at the time nor in the manner chosen by General **BUTLER**; and the very stupidest thing conceivable was to excite the mutual jealousy and hostility of the two Houses upon a point in which they were equally interested and which requires careful and calm deliberation. The General insisted that the Senate was trying to bully the House, and in the same breath asserted by implication the right of the House to kick the Senate out of the hall. It would hardly be possible to imagine any more signal proofs of the peculiar fitness of General **BUTLER** as a legislator at this time in this country than his two performances during the present session, his speech upon the finances and his conduct at the counting of the votes. General **BUTLER**'s motion of censure was laid upon the table by a vote of 130 against 63, and at the instance of General **LOGAN** who eulogized Mr. **WADE** more warmly than wisely.

The scene at the counting of the votes and the subsequent debate, although very unpleasant and humiliating in themselves, will yet be of substantial service. Congress will undoubtedly provide by law a method of securing the result intended by the Constitution, which shall be consistent with the dignity of both Houses; and the country has had another opportunity of estimating the qualifications for civil public service of General **BUTLER**. So far as the party is concerned we said last autumn, what time merely shows in this case as it has always shown in all similar cases, that extreme cleverness and extreme professions do not make trust-worthy agents or representatives. In his general conduct upon this occasion General **BUTLER** insulted the country and the Senate; and in hurling his shafts of derision and suspicion at Mr. **WADE** and Mr. **COLFAX** he insulted the Republican party.

JAMES T. BRADY.

WITH the social gifts, the ambitions, and susceptibilities that are so apt to spoil men by their own success, Mr. **BRADY**, whose portrait will be found in this paper, had a certain manliness and independence that always based the admiration that was felt for him upon genuine respect. Whatever his special abilities and professional accomplishments may have been, his name will be remembered as that of a man of the utmost tenderness, generosity, and charity in every relation; a humanizing force which is to mere intellectual power as heat to light. Although always a Democrat, he often radically differed with the Democracy; and for a native New Yorker of Irish blood and of Democratic traditions and training and general conviction to differ openly with his party was proof of a tenacity and independence which can here be appreciated if not elsewhere.

Mr. **BRADY** supported the war, and in the Connecticut political campaign of 1862 he spoke for the Union candidates against those of the Democracy. On one occasion the writer of these lines went with him to a meeting at Danbury. It was just before the election, and the excitement was intense. Upon the previous evening and in the same hall, **FERNANDO WOOD** had spoken at a Democratic meeting, and the curiosity to see and hear so conspicuous a Democrat as Mr. **BRADY**, who, it was supposed, would especially address himself to the Irishmen, crammed the hall. The opposition had prepared a most ingenious method of annoyance. They had distributed women in various parts of the gallery to hiss and laugh and talk to disturb the orator, relying upon the impossibility of putting them out in such a dense throng.

The orator was received with acclamation, but he had scarcely begun when the disturbance began. There was audible talking in the galleries. A loud cry of "Hush!" "Shut up!" arose from the floor, so earnest and angry that Mr. **BRADY** was obliged to pause. Quiet was restored, and he began again. So did the interruption. The cries of "Put 'em out!" were then so vehement that the chairman turned to the galleries and begged the ladies to preserve order. Mr. **BRADY** smiled, made a jocose remark, and proceeded; but the interruption followed, and the audience became very angry. Yet there seemed to be no method of securing silence, for nobody wished to lay hands upon the women, and in any case it would have been very difficult to expel them. The chairman could only rap and exhort, and it seemed as if the meeting would end in confusion. But with his gayest smile Mr. **BRADY** looked along both of the galleries, and then said, in the most serio-comic tone: "Ah well, Mr. Chairman, it is the old story. My addresses always *were* unacceptable to the ladies, and I am a bachelor to this day!" He then begged the audience not to be troubled by the tongues of his fair friends; "for those tongues," he said, with the most delightful humor in his voice, "are among the sweetest trials of life." He then finished his speech, but he whispered as he sat down that it was a good deal like taking a long walk without boiling the peas in your shoes.

Mr. **BRADY**'s name will long live in the traditions of the bar and of the city; and he will always be mentioned with that affectionate regret which he so fully appreciated when he said that he would rather be recalled as "poor **JIM BRADY**" than be famous for learning or for eloquence.

SAN DOMINGO.

THE Essays of Elia are not supposed to be a repository of profound political wisdom, but we hope that honorable gentlemen in Congress, before protecting Hayti or annexing San Domingo, will spare a moment to read A Dissertation upon Roast Pig. It may be very desirable to dine upon pig; but is it worth while to burn your house down to cook your dinner? It may be convenient to have a naval station in the West Indies; but is it wise to buy it by adding to our population nearly a million of creoles and West Indian negroes, and by the assumption of nobody knows what debts and liabilities? The reason given for this annexation should arrest the attention of every thoughtful man. It is that the inhabitants of the country can not take care of themselves nor maintain a firm government. Revolution follows revolution. To be an educated, vigorous, and public-spirited citizen of San Domingo, we are told, is to be one in a thousand; but the mass of ignorance around such citizens is, says the same authority, too dense for the thousandth part of intelligence to penetrate—and *therefore* let them be annexed.

It would seem that our territorial and our financial question had striking points of resemblance. It is not worth while to increase our debt, because it is already quite large enough for us to manage, and it is not desirable to extend our territory and population until there is more political and social coherence in what we already have. That this country needs San Domingo for any purpose at all commensurate with its necessary cost nobody can pretend. That its annexation would be of the least moral or material advantage can not be urged, while the risks are evident. We certainly want Cuba as much as Hayti, and the rest of the West Indies as much as Cuba. By the same reasoning we want the whole continent from Bering Straits to Terra del Fuego. It may be our manifest destiny to acquire it all, and to civilize it; but meanwhile it is our manifest duty to do nothing that shall imperil the principle of our Government, which is the condition of that progressive civilization. Mexico is also a very turbulent country. Revolution succeeds revolution there also. The Mexicans have no less foreign blood in their veins than the people of Hayti and San Domingo. There, too, is a mass of ignorance, and the vigorous and educated citizen is as one in a thousand. Mexico, moreover, suffers under the same want of active capital which is alleged in the argument for annexing San Domingo. Mexico finds it very hard to help herself. Ought we not, therefore, to annex the country? If the argument is good for San Domingo, why is it not conclusive for Mexico. The case of the South American republics, of Venezuela, of Ecuador is not less urgent. There is a striking want of order, of capital, of security, of all that is most desirable in a political community in most of the states near our southern border. Shall we not straightway annex them?

Something more is necessary in a firm and wise government than "welcoming a sister republic." France tried that experiment eighty years ago. Mere accretion is not vital growth, as mere size is not strength. Whatever may be wise hereafter, nothing is less desirable to this country at this time than territorial expansion. "It must be agreed," says Elia, "that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in Roast Pig." But he does not deny that it is generally conceded that the cheaper process of the spit answers the purpose quite as well.

COTTON AND OTHER SPECULATIONS.

AN English cotton circular, received by the late arrival, concludes as follows: "We ask our friends what must the following state of affairs lead to: The Eastern markets all greatly overstocked; prices ruling there not likely to be increased; merchants losing heavily on every piece of shirting they ship; manufacturers producing cloth at a ruinous loss, and cotton rising?"

The question is one to be weighed not alone by persons abroad but by merchants and manufacturers in this country. Early in November, although middling cotton was selling at 25½ to 26½ cents per pound at the principal Southern ports, the impression prevailed that when the new crop appeared in quantity the price would fall. Contracts were made here at that time for middling, to be delivered in January, at 22½ to 23 cents, but it had advanced early in that month in the principal Southern ports to 27½ to 28¼ cents. On the 8th of February the market price in Florida, Mobile, New Orleans, and Texas was 30¼, 30¼, 30½, 30¾ cents.

In a circular issued here, dated early in January, it is said: "Settlements were made at the close of last month by payment in cash of 3 cents per pound.......The 'shorts' delayed buying until late in December, but seemed determined to cover early in January, *hence* the heavy demand not only at the sea-board but in the interior markets of the whole country. Domestic consumers are doing less."

Either the condition of trade in England, as developed by the English circular, of which we have presented an extract, or some other motive, induced various manufacturing establishments in Lancashire to propose working at half time. The plan was acceded to by some, but the action not being general it may be considered abandoned.

Undoubtedly one object of resorting to short time in English factories was to meet the advancing price of cotton in this country. The situation there is unquestionably such as the English circular states—"*manufacturers producing cloth at a ruinous loss, and cotton rising.*" Those who have watched the state of trade in England are fully aware that the explosion of 1866, from which there has been no recovery, was followed by very defective crops in 1867 and 1868, which has had the effect to prolong and intensify that explosion.

The policy therefore of resorting to short time was wise. Its abandonment is proof of the great difficulty of inducing rival establishments, suspicious of each other, to arrive at any mutual understanding, especially when it involves a resort to economy in management, or a cessation of industry. An English paper states that some of the mills, having received orders at an advance in price, went to work at full time, and others had followed, or were about to follow. Whether these orders were given by the allies on the other side of the speculators in this country to force other settlements from the short interest is not stated.

The fact is evident that a speculative movement was set on foot to advance the price of cotton, that its arrangements are on a gigantic scale, and that upon the business in foreign markets and here it exercises a powerful influence. The ease of the money market is highly favorable to *present* success, but the real condition of the trade of the commercial nations must be the test by which the price of cotton must ultimately be measured.

This speculative spirit, which prevails to an extent hitherto unknown in the world, may be traced to idle capital in all the principal cities: it damages all regular business, and must prove ruinous to those who hold on in this policy. The question is widely discussed to what this abundance of money is due. By the great majority of writers it is charged to the increase of the precious metals mined in California and Australia, and consequently it is claimed that a corresponding advance in prices is to be expected, and will be permanently maintained.

So far as the product of those mines is concerned, there are regular laws in operation to prevent this effect on the scale supposed. The non-banking countries are constant, and not only large, but permanent, absorbents of the precious metals; and in times of extravagance gold and silver are extensively used in the arts to satisfy the love of display which then prevails. The gold and silver withdrawn from circulation by these means nearly equals the excess of recent production.

The policy by which the precious metals are expelled from the banking to the non-banking countries, and from those which are immoderate to those which exhibit more prudence, is incessant and all-powerful. The abundance of money at this juncture may be attributed to other and sufficient causes.

When we followed up the creation of legal-tenders by excessive bank issues, we drove immediately into other markets that description of money which foreigners received. Its increase in other countries highly stimulated manufacturing industry. On the termination of our war an immediate supply of cotton followed the cotton famine, and heavy losses were produced abroad, as a consequence of the fall in price of both manufactured and raw cotton. In 1866 the collapse came upon England, and being followed by a loss of two successive crops no recovery has yet been had. In France the bills of the Bank of France have been issued of as low a denomination as fifty francs, which tends not only to make money more abundant in that empire, but also in the neighboring states, which enjoy the benefit of the coin which the French thus necessarily displace.

The diminution in the quantity of business in Europe would of itself produce a surplus of money, without estimating the effect of our addition of $745,908,353 of paper, and the degradation of money which France has allowed.

To these circumstances may be traced the spirit of excessive speculation which prevails abroad and at home. On the recovery of trade in foreign markets this excess of money will no longer be felt; on the contrary, if it shall be accompanied by an attempt to return to specie payments on the part of this country, a contest of a severe character will arise for the possession of the precious metals, and speculation will then be over.

Now, however, it is active here in coin, in stocks, in cotton, and corners are frequent at Chicago in breadstuffs. The tendency betrays a gambling spirit but little less intent or hurtful than that which seduces many to the contest with professional gamblers. In the purchase of each of the four descriptions of property we have named the purchaser needs carefully to consider the effect upon price, then and subsequently, of the bold operations of the gambling fraternity. The ordinary laws of supply and demand founded on production and consumption are, for the time being, nullified by the unscrupulous men who, in their haste to acquire wealth, have no thought of the speculators they suddenly ruin, or of that large class of ordinary dealers who are damaged in their legitimate trade.

Those who now think that the money which has universal circulation exists in great excess of what is usual will have cause, on the recovery of commerce and the redistribution over the United States of our appropriate supply of coin, to complain of its deficiency. But however disheartening to those who pursue their accustomed and safe but now scarcely remunerating industry may be the comparison between their slow progress and that which obtains a large fortune by ventures in wild speculation, the time is approaching when they will be thankful that they have done their part in an honest occupation constantly followed to save the country from the demoralization which speculation produces.

We hope the planting interest of the United States may be benefited by the *bull* movement in cotton. There seemed to be an understanding quite general among the planters at the early part of this season to hold their crops so that they should not be compelled to make the losses which they suffered from the crop of 1867. But the price has been carried up far beyond their expectations, and the two things, "manufacturers producing cloth at a ruinous loss and cotton rising," must soon be remedied by inevitable laws.

THE CASE OF GEORGIA.

The joint resolution in regard to counting the vote of Georgia was intended to avoid any indirect settlement of a question which is still pending—namely, the admission of the Senators from that State. It declared that the Vice-President should say that, if the vote of Georgia were counted, the whole number of votes cast would be so many; if not counted, so many, thus throwing an intended doubt upon the exact relation of the State to the Union.

We said last week that the substance of reconstruction was the important point—a phrase to which the *Nation* objects, as implying a very dangerous doctrine. Perhaps we failed to state our view distinctly. As we understand it, Congress has stated certain conditions upon which Georgia may resume its relations to the Union; but only when Congress is satisfied that those conditions have in good faith been observed. For instance, if after adopting a Constitution and before Congress has accepted it as satisfactory Georgia should show that it considers the disabling of half of its citizens as constitutional, Congress might properly say that it was not satisfied; and the proof of the satisfaction of Congress is to be the admission of Senators and representatives.

Now the conduct of the Legislature of Georgia before the admission of the Senators has proved to Congress, let us suppose, that the conditions have not been in good faith observed. If this be so, Congress may justly say that it is not satisfied; and if the circumstances have revealed a defect in the law, it may be properly amended so as to secure more certainly the "substance" of reconstruction. The action of the House in admitting members can not bind the Senate; and if the Senate is persuaded that the law has been practically evaded, it should require some other reason for committing the folly of getting deeper into the mire than that the House has gone before.

This is not the case of interpreting the law by an after-thought, but of the satisfaction of a contract of which one of the parties is the judge. It is very desirable that Georgia be restored to the Union as soon as practicable; but it is very much more desirable that Congress should not deliberately decide—since the case is submitted to it—that Georgia may disable half of its voting population from holding office. Of course the adoption of the new Amendment as it has passed the Senate would settle the difficulty in Georgia and in every other State.

A KING OF SPAIN.

It would have seemed hardly credible that a complete revolution in Spain could have been for several months almost bloodless; and that in the country which has seemed the most backward in progress and the farthest from modern influences the monarch should not only have been exiled, but a general election peacefully held, and a Cortes or Convention assembled to decide upon the form of the new government. Yet all this, and with constantly distrustful eyes, we have seen. The Convention is now sitting at Madrid which is to do for Spain what the French Convention, eighty years ago in Paris, tragically failed to do for France. That the Marquis of Serrano, in opening the session, was justified in saying, "The revolution has achieved a bloodless victory," can not be denied; yet probably there would be no general surprise if the peaceful progress of events should be at any moment impeded. During his speech the Marquis was interrupted by many cheers; now for Prim; now for the Provisional Government; for a republic; for a monarchy. Yet the sentiments of the Convention are already known. They are monarchical by a great majority.

But they are monarchical as those of the revolution of '30 were in France. They demand a liberal monarchy. The freedom of religion, of the press, of education, already proclaimed by the Provisional Government, must be guaranteed, according to Serrano, by the Cortes. And it would be remarkable if the Spanish liberal monarchical revolution should place upon the throne the son of the king whom a similar revolution in France brought to the Tuileries. At present this seems to be the probability. When a monarchical country wishes to change the persons and not the forms of its government, it does not crown a commoner, it finds the nearest available blood successor. The English revolution which expelled the direct Stuart line in James II. and his son, the Pretender, placed his daughter upon the throne. Her sister succeeded, and she dying without an heir, the crown went to the son of the Electress Sophia of Hanover, who was cousin to James II. Thus the old royal blood of the Stuarts flows from Elizabeth of Bohemia, sister of Charles I., to Albert Edward, the heir-apparent and most puissant Prince Champagne Charlie.

So in France, when Charles X. was exiled, his cousin, Louis Philippe, was summoned to the throne; and wherever there is a monarchical preference so strong as to resolve upon a king, it will naturally resolve to save as much of the prestige of the throne as possible by holding to the royal line. The king being a ceremony all the essential conditions must be observed, and one of the most potent of them is tradition. There has been but one founder of a royal house in modern times, and that was a man of the most extraordinary genius living at an epoch most fortunate for his ambition. Yet his house, although owing its position to a more illustrious original than any other in Europe, has the weakness that parvenus always have in an aristocracy. It is therefore very probable that the Duke of Montpensier, the youngest son of Louis Philippe and the husband of the late Queen of Spain's sister, will be the choice of the Spanish Cortes for king. If the elections really mean a preference for monarchy there will be no King Prim nor King Espartero, but a scion of the royal stock; and the nearest in the direct line will be the logical successor of Isabella.

THE SUFFRAGE AND EDUCATION.

The Suffrage amendment, as finally adopted by the Senate, differs essentially from that which passed the House. It declares that no male citizen of due age shall be disfranchised or disabled from holding office by any test based upon race, color, nativity, *education*, or creed. That is a subject which we hope the House will not drive through by the process of the previous question even if any gentleman assures his fellow-members that their minds are made up. The amendment as it passed the Senate is the work of Mr. Wilson. He is a man of sagacity and experience, and he comes from Massachusetts, a State in which the value of education is fully understood. The prohibition of any test of education is therefore not an oversight, but it is a matter of deliberate intention. Mr. Wilson means that the want of education shall not deprive a citizen of the right of suffrage. His objection may be as to the essence or the form. He may think that education is no proof of the requisite intelligence desirable in a voter; or he may be of opinion that there is no satisfactory method of determining, and that as a matter of fact and experience, wherever a test of education is theoretically applied, it is practically evaded.

There is, however, still another possible reason which has influenced the Senator's action. Experience, he probably thinks, has shown that every kind of effort will be made in the Southern States to avoid a practical political equality. The same spirit that under the form of vagrant laws aimed to retain as much as possible of slavery and subjugation of the freedmen after emancipation, will endeavor to annul the political rights of the new citizens. As a class, the freedmen are ignorant. If, as Georgia shows, they may be peremptorily turned out of office when the State merely supposes that it is restored to the Union, what conduct is not possible when the States are actually restored and their internal management is left exclusively to such bodies as the Georgia Legislature? A test of education, imposed by Wade Hampton and Company, and applied by them, would not admit many colored citizens of South Carolina to the polls; and if it be said that Wade Hampton is not of the dominant party in South Carolina, it must be remembered that, as Georgia proves, it is quite as much a question of color as of party. Moreover, if education be permitted to constitute a test, Mr. Wilson would probably say that it will be a direct incitement to the Wade Hampton class to resist schools for the freedmen.

The amendment, he would therefore say, must be adapted to the actual circumstances. Does any body suppose that any of the undisturbed States will prescribe a condition of education for the suffrage, if they do not have it now? On the other hand, is it likely that it would not be imposed in the Southern States if opportunity were offered? And would not the consequences be quite as deplorable as the present regulation of the suffrage there? Moreover—and this we think would be his strongest position—is it not plain that nothing will so surely secure general education as general suffrage? Is not the education of the new citizens at the South one of the most imperative necessities of the situation? Yet is there any method by which that education is so likely to be accomplished as by the firm conviction of the hostile class in that region, that by no trick or arbitrary test can they deprive the new citizens of the ballot? The moment they are persuaded of that they will see that their fellow-voters must be educated. As a principle it is plain that where every man votes, it is the general interest that every man should vote intelligently; and England is now likely to have a better system of popular education than she ever had before, because the suffrage is more widely extended.

Such are some of the reasons which we can very readily imagine have influenced the judgment of Senator Wilson. He knows, however, we presume, that without the general intelligence and moral perception which are implied by the word education, this Government is not long practicable. Territory, and wealth, and resources, and audacity can not produce a wise government from ignorant men. Counting the freedmen as four millions, there is probably a full seventh of our population to-day who can neither read nor write. Now a man may be able to read and write, and still be a fool or a knave—but shall we, therefore, shut up our schools? It may be very easy to evade any practical test of a voter's technical education, but is it, therefore, wise that the country should seem to think that ignorance is not harmful in a voter? It is a question worthy of the frankest and fullest consideration, and it is now presented by Senator Wilson's amendment. We are by no means sure that his amendment does not tend to promote education, notwithstanding its appearance. We have as little faith as we suppose him to have in the application of any technical educational test. The question is one of the highest expediency. How shall we most rapidly educate the ignorant?

GENERAL GRANT'S SPEECH.

General Grant's speech, upon being notified of his election, was just what every intelligent man probably expected. He is emphatically not a talker, and few public men have ever made fewer professions. But what he has to say he says directly, without the least declamation or appeal to Buncomb. Upon this occasion he said that the duty of his administration would be to secure economy, retrenchment, faithful collection of the revenue, and payment of the public debt. The great general duty of every administration to enforce the laws he did not allude to, because it was unnecessary, and the laws already enacted cover the subject of reconstruction. If any body has distrusted General Grant his distrust will not be removed by the speech; if he has not distrusted him, he will not begin now.

Indeed, the election of General Grant is of itself a test of the national faith in character independently of purely party relations. We have become so accustomed to the lower view of party that we have somewhat forgotten the higher; and the practical disdain of dictation which the conduct of General Grant reveals may be easily misinterpreted into a repudiation of party assistance. But every government in a free country is conducted by means of a party, and to suppose that any President would undertake to stand alone, or would rely upon the chance of support from the party that opposed his election, is to suppose him much more fool than knave.

General Grant will depend upon his party as much as any President, but he will choose his manner of doing so. He says that he shall not announce his selections for the Cabinet, because he does not care to expose them and himself and the objectors to needless trouble. Who can quarrel with so wise a decision, and upon what ground? General Grant knows what men he thinks most fitted for the duty to which he proposes to call them. They are of course Republicans. Now, who can give the General any real information concerning them? Naturally there are plenty of gentlemen who can tell him that he had better appoint somebody else; but he shows his great wisdom in nothing more than in declining to listen to them.

Perhaps the General has heard of the experience of Mr. Lincoln in appointing his Cabinet. There were two permanent caucuses of "leaders" upon the subject in Washington. They had their spies, their runners, their agents. The Conservative caucus, of which Mr. Thurlow Weed was the presiding genius, urged Mr. Gilmer and Mr. Etheridge, and other Border State men of that kind upon the President. The Radical caucus insisted upon another kind. Mr. Seward thought it was perilous to include Mr. Chase in the Cabinet, and Mr. Weed made a desperate effort against him. Embassies from both sides waited upon Mr. Lincoln at Willard's, and then at the White House after the inauguration, and the last made its appearance before breakfast upon the morning of the day that the President sent in the names of his advisers to the Senate. Perhaps Mr. Lincoln's mind was made up long before. Perhaps he finally nominated those whom he had originally selected; but what infinite vexation he would have spared himself and the politicians if he had said at the beginning that he should decide for himself.

And who has the right to claim to be a leader of the party, and in that capacity to advise the President? Plainly, every body who has been elected by it to office will claim the right, and with equal justice—which is simply saying that there is no other practical way than to leave to the President to decide whom he will consult, if any body. If there is any clique in the party which has hoped that by the necessity of the case the President would fall into their hands, they will now be undeceived. Any "rings" in Congress or out will find that the President will follow his own convictions, relying upon what will not fail him, the better opinion of his party and the country. General Grant is to-day stronger than ever with the men who are the strength of the Republican party: and to-day, also, he is undoubtedly more feared and respected than ever by the noble host of bummers and camp-followers who always attach themselves to the victorious army.

The new President will enter upon his office with as general public confidence as that which saluted Mr. Lincoln at the beginning of his second term. His hold upon the heart and faith of the American people is very great, and that faith is founded in the profoundest conviction of his honesty, capacity, and common-sense. Those were the talismans of Lincoln as they will be of Grant.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

February 8:

In the House, the Senate amendments to the bill regulating copper duties were agreed to.

February 9:

In the Senate, Mr. Wilson's Suffrage Amendment was passed—31 to 27—providing that no discrimination shall be made in the exercise of elective franchise, or in the right to hold office on account of race, color, nativity, property, education, or creed.

February 10:

In the House, both branches of Congress witnessed the counting of the electoral votes. The Houses separated twice; the first time to decide upon the counting of the electoral vote of Georgia, both branches determining to count; but upon the division in regard to Georgia, the Senate determined to count the vote of that State, while the House refused. The whole matter goes thus upon the record. The result gave Grant and Colfax 214 votes, counting Georgia, and Seymour and Blair 80 votes.

February 11:

In the Senate, the bill to secure equal rights in the District of Columbia, by striking the word "white" from the city charters of Washington, was passed.

February 12:

In the Senate, the appropriation for removing the obstructions at Hell Gate was reduced to $215,000.

In the House, a bill was passed to pay the officers and crew of the *Kearsarge* $190,000 prize-money—the value of the pirate *Alabama*. The bill providing for the building of a railroad from Washington to New York was passed—100 to 54.

February 13:

In the House, a bill was passed to prevent National Banks loaning money on United States notes or National Bank notes as collateral security.

NEWS ITEMS.

On the morning of February 13 Senator Morton and Representatives James F. Wilson and J. V. L. Pruyn called upon General Grant at his head-quarters to officially inform him of his election as President. Senator Morton made a few appropriate remarks, to which General Grant replied as follows:

"I can promise the Committee that it will be my endeavor to call around me as assistants, such men only as I think will carry out the principles which you have said the country desires to see successful—economy, retrenchment, faithful collection of the revenue, and payment of the public debt. If I should fail in my first choice, I shall not at any time hesitate to make a second, or even a third trial, with the concurrence of the Senate, who have the confirming power, and should just as soon remove one of my own appointees as the appointee of my predecessor. It would make no difference.

"There is one matter that I might properly speak of here, and that is the selection of a Cabinet. I have always felt that it would be rather indelicate to announce or even to consult with the gentlemen whom I thought of inviting to positions in my Cabinet, before the official declaration of the result of the election was made. Although I presumed that there was no doubt about what that declaration would be, but after consideration I have come to the conclusion that there is not a man in the country who could be invited to a place in the Cabinet without friends of some other gentleman making an effort to secure the position; not that there would be any objection to the party named, but that there would be others whom they had set their hearts upon having in the place. I can tell that from the great number of requests which come to me, in writing and otherwise, for this particular person or that one, from different sets and delegations. If announced in advance efforts would be made to change my determination, and therefore I have come to the conclusion not to announce who I am going to invite to seats in the Cabinet until I send in their names to the Senate for confirmation. If I say any thing to them about it, it will certainly not be more than two or three days previous to sending in their names. I think it well to make a public declaration of this to the Committee, so that my intentions may be known."

The President has nominated Lewis Dent, brother-in-law of General Grant, as Minister to Chili, *vice* Kilpatrick removed, with John T. Nagle as Secretary of Legation.

A heavy and protracted rain-storm has just visited California, overflowing many of the rivers, and doing great damage to property. A number of railroad bridges were swept away, and travel considerably obstructed. A portion of the city of Stockton was flooded.

The steamboat *Nellie Stevens* was burned on Lake Caddo, in the Red River, on the night of the 11th. She had a large number of passengers on board, sixty-three of whom lost their lives.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Spanish Constitutional Cortes was organized, February 13, with Rivero as President.

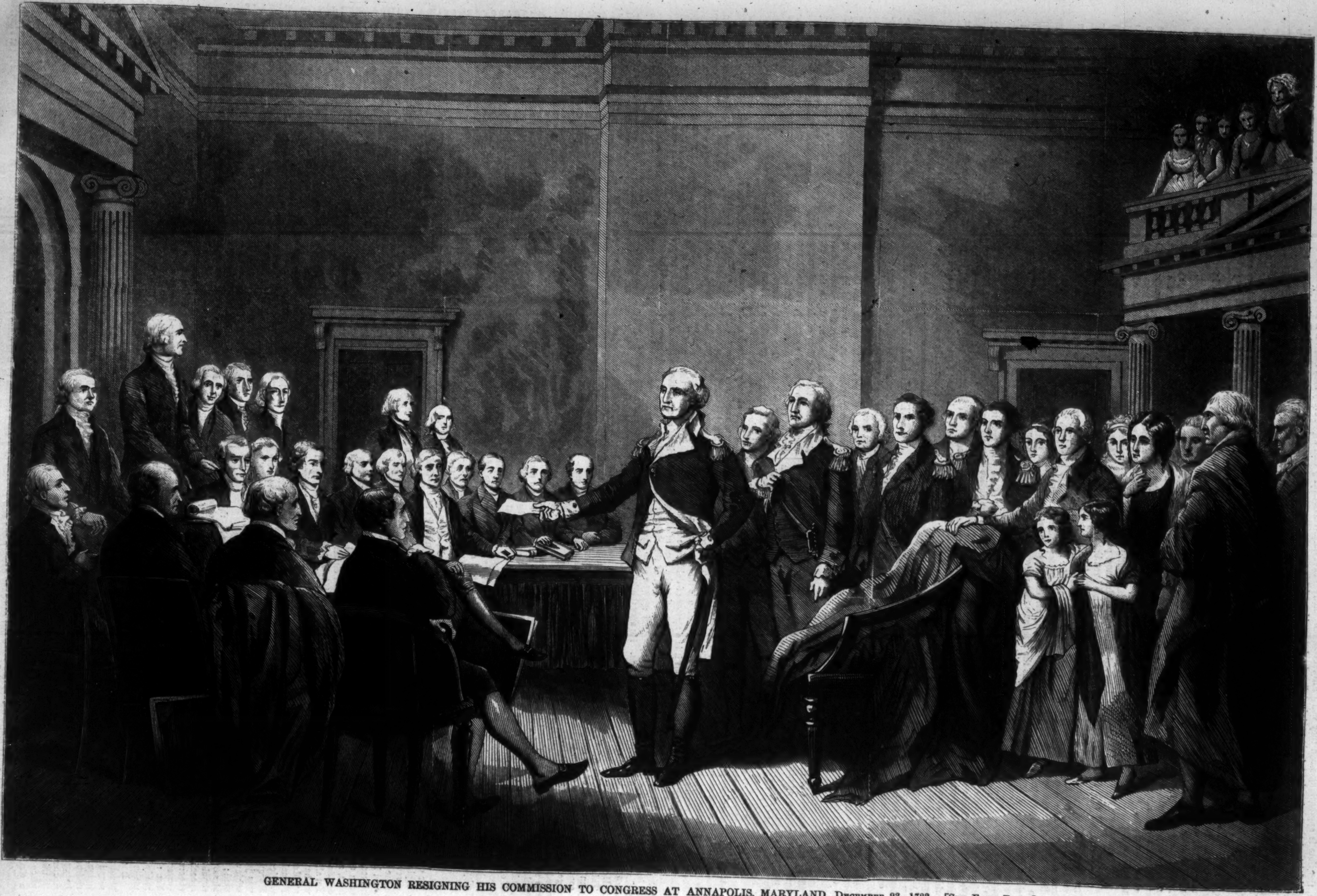
We publish on page 135 a very full and accurate map of the Island of Cuba, and on pages 136 and 137 a panoramic view of Havana. Captain-General Dulce has withdrawn his proclamation of amnesty, and has re-established the censorship of the Press.

The first public Protestant religious service ever celebrated in Spain took place on the 24th of January last. There was no disorder. Some faint idea of the prejudice which exists among the Spaniards against religious liberty is conveyed by the petition lately offered to the Provisional Government against toleration, and signed by over 15,000 ladies.

The King of Greece has chosen a new cabinet. The Government has sent in its adherence to the protocol of the late conference.

Whalen, the Fenian murderer of D'Arcy M'Gee, was executed on the 11th at Ottawa, Canada. His last words were, "God save Ireland! God save my soul!"

A slight shock of earthquake was felt at Florence, Italy, on the 8th.



GENERAL WASHINGTON RESIGNING HIS COMMISSION TO CONGRESS AT ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND, December 23, 1783.—[See First Page.]

AT BAY.

See Illustration.

OVER! over at last:
The shots like hailstones fall;
The battlements go down;
Down goes the riven wall.
There went the banner-pole,
Our standard brought to shame;
They're sending fire-brands in—
Look to the smoke and flame!

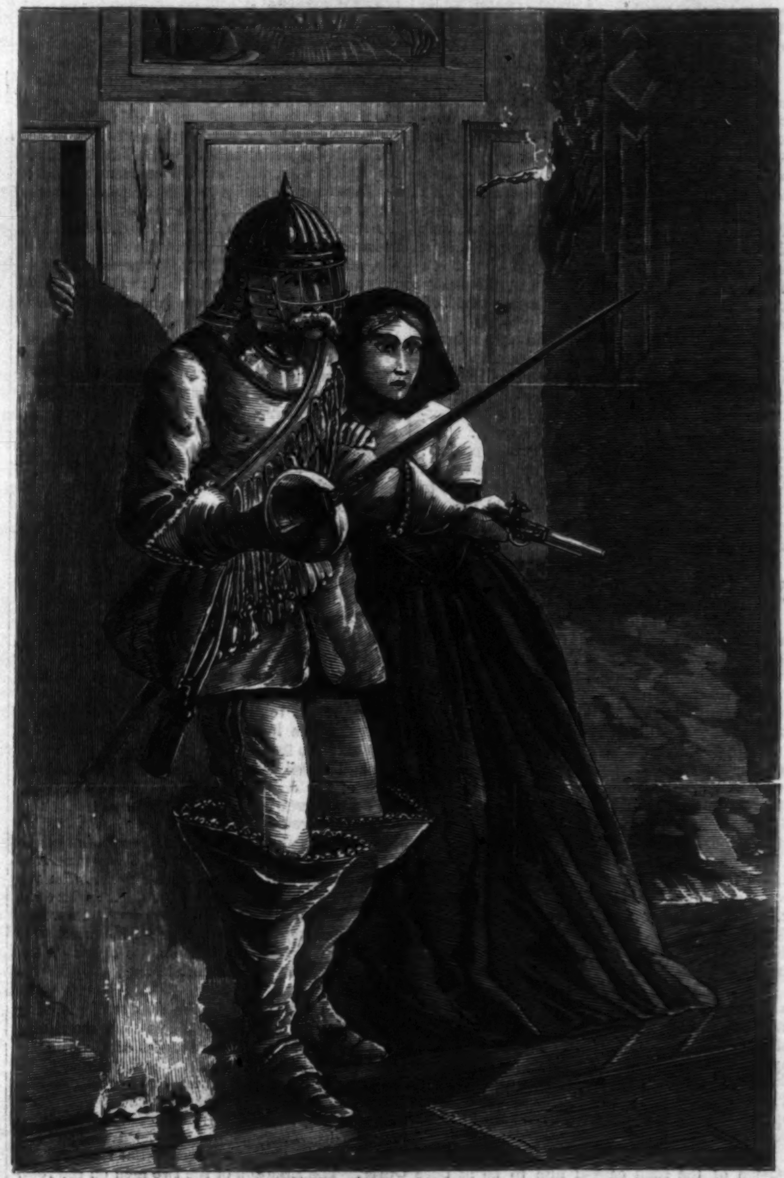
Nay, do not shrink or fear,
Although the end be nigh;
Thou wilt have time to live,
I shall have time to die.
Thy woman's face will win
The mercy of the foe;
And I—I am content
The certain end to know.

For the old love, Nanette,
I swore this thing to do;
And he who counts the cost
Lives not the cost to rue.
My honor well I love,
Love well the cause I serve;
And yet for thee and thine
From both I freely swerve.

Fierce is the deadly feud
That rends the land apart,
Dividing kin from kin,
Divorcing heart from heart;
But were the deadly breach
A hundredfold as wide,
I had forgotten all
To fight upon thy side.

Lips white with rage will curse
The cur that dares to turn;
And feet will—like a dog's—
The traitor's body spurn;
But in thy heart of hearts
The truth will plead for me,
That when most false to them
I was most true to thee.

That shout! They come, they come!
Once more, Nanette, no fear·
This bullet meets the first,
My sword the next in rear.
It is too soon to yield,
E'en when too late to fly;
And thou'lt have time to live,
I shall have time to die.

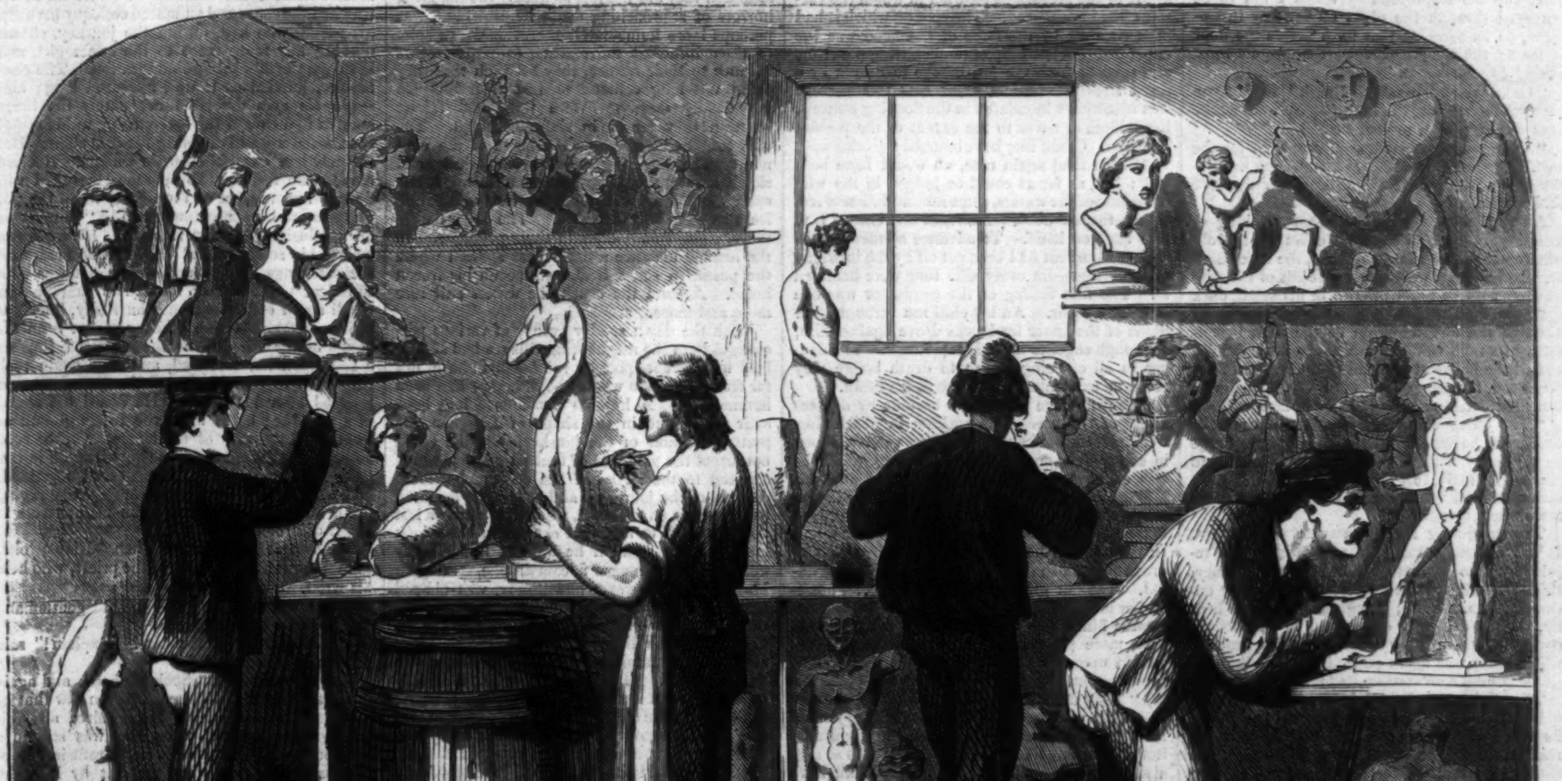


FROZEN IN.

IT was a bitterly cold February night toward the close of last century. The Rhine was not completely frozen over, but huge masses of ice floated down its swollen waters from the upper part of the stream. The bridges of boats had been all long since removed, and for many days only a few ferry-boats had hazarded the dangerous passage of the stream. Communication from town to town was only kept up by the road, which ran beneath the mountain sides along the left bank of the river; and even this precarious passage was inundated in parts. The wind blew in angry freezing gusts, but without stirring the leaden veil of sky. All the more stifling seemed the heated air of the low, common room of the way-side inn, which marked the first post station from Andernach toward Cologne. The night was advanced. But two or three villagers still lingered over their empty bottles, as if in expectation of some event. This event was the passage of the ordinary diligence from Coblentz to Cologne. The hour when it was due was long since past. The boozy inn-keeper had given orders to his pretty daughter to have all the available beds ready; for he reckoned that the state of the roads would not permit the expected travelers to go further that night. He was now getting sulky that the diligence had not arrived thus far, and grumbled against Lorenz, the conductor, for not having made a strenuous exertion to come on to a station at which a few dollars might have been made to find their way into the pockets of a friend. But presently he pricked up his ears. Surely it was the sound of the horn. All doubts were soon resolved by the audible noise of the lumbering wheels on the frosty ground. Curiosity and interest were reawakened. After a sufficient delay to enable the passengers to emerge from their masses of cloaks and wrappers, they were ushered into the room.

First swaggered in a broad-shouldered, red-haired young fellow, in the garb of a student of the period, calling lustily for wine. A group of personages followed, the most striking of which was a fair, handsome girl, pale with fatigue and traces of recent sorrow, who leaned lightly on the arm of a tall, dark, gray-eyed young man, likewise in student attire, who was evidently offering her assiduous service; while on the other side of her tottered an old man, whose features, as far as they could be distinguished under his heavy fur cap, gave unmistakable evidence of his Jewish origin. When led by the fair girl to a bench he sank together with a groan, as if wearied in mind as well as body. The dark-haired young man gazed with admiration upon the lithy form of the girl thus occupied, and then sighed, as if a struggle were taking place in his mind. From his contemplation he was roused by the other student.

"Come, Adrian!" said the burly fellow, "leave off gaping at that flaxen Rebecca, with her old Isaac, and take a glass of good Affenthaler to



ITALIAN IMAGE-MAKERS, NEW YORK CITY.

warm your blood, if it be not too hot already."

"Hush!" replied the young man addressed as Adrian; "they will hear you, Egidi."

"Why not?" said Egidi, half sulkily. "Should a Jew be offended because you call him a Jew, any more than a dog because you call him a dog? Come away! You are moon-struck, man! Come away! or I shall have you falling in love next with the designing daughter of a villainous old usurer whom you have picked up in a diligence."

"You shall not insult *her*, at all events," recommenced Adrian, angrily.

But his friend dragged him away with a noisy laugh; and the two were soon engaged in a muttered discussion, which ended in an intense application of Master Egidi to the Affenthaler before him.

Supper, meanwhile, had been prepared. With difficulty the old Jew was persuaded to take his seat at the table, where he felt his presence was repugnant to one of the party. Conversation was out of the question under the circumstances. But "mine host" made up for all deficiencies in this respect. In voluble flow of language he warned the travelers of the desperate state of the roads, the terrible dangers incurred by continuing the journey at night in such weather, and the urgent necessity of remaining on the spot. Little heed seemed to be given to all these remonstrances at first; but presently the conductor entered the room. He was followed by another individual, in humble attire, and bearing a long box, or pack, cradled in his arms, who bowed to all around in a manner savoring of unctuous reverence, almost of worship, with which a pair of restless, cunning eyes strangely contrasted. This latter personage was saluted by the inn-keeper as Master Rochus, the holy-relic vendor, from Treves. Appealed to by the inn-keeper, Master Lorenz, the conductor, was ready enough to swear that the dangers of proceeding on the journey were certainly very great—*that* he must say; although, if his passengers, in spite of his opinion, chose to go on, it was his duty to drive them, and drive them he must. Fortified with this verdict, "mine host" again urged the advantage of his well-aired beds. An impression was evidently made. Egidi smacked his lips over his wine, while his friend gazed anxiously at the fair girl, who, in her turn, looked almost with entreaty at her old companion. But it was the old Jew who, although evidently weak in health and exhausted by his journey, and wearing an air of positive terror at the threatened perils of the journey on his pale face, lifted his voice against the proposal, at this moment of indecision.

"It can not be!—I must go on!—I must!" he cried, wringing his hands, and lifting his eyes as if in supplication to Heaven.

In spite of Egidi's coarse and insulting remonstrances, and Adrian's entreaties in favor of his fair companion, the Jew still muttered, "I must go on!—I must!"

"I have entered into a compact," he said, at last, with resolution, "with Master Conductor, here, and his employers, by which I am to be conveyed through the night on my way to Cologne, so as to reach that town before the hour of noon; the conductor and his employers must abide by the compact."

"Old Shylock," burst out Egidi, "so that you have your moneys to the hour you care not whose lives you risk, even to your own child."

"The God of us all knows that I do for the best," responded the Jew, although with a shudder and a deep sigh; "and, even for the love of the poor girl, we must go on."

All further expostulation, either soothing or insulting, seemed to have no effect on the obstinate old man. Master Rochus, the relic vendor, who had been watching the result of the controversy with an eager interest in his small, dark eyes, and had uttered a low cry of disappointment at the determination of the Jew, threatened, in a mild vow, the vengeance of the Virgin and all the holy saints at this tempting of Providence on the suggestion of a vile unbeliever. But the humble malediction was of no avail.

"The effort was vain," murmured the relic vendor, as he turned away, with a spasm of rage on his face. "But I must on with him still, to prevent his arrival by all means!" and the pious man muttered what sounded more like a curse than a holy blessing.

The conductor moved away to obey orders. It was evident throughout that Adrian had resolved not to separate himself, on the journey, from the fair creature who had so quickly enthralled him. Egidi, though he still swore lustily, was as evidently disinclined to be thought cowardly by remaining behind. In due time the whole party was again packed in; and the diligence rumbled onward on its journey.

The night was indeed intensely cold. The old German diligence, as it struggled heavily on its way, looked, through the mist, like the funeral chariot of the Winter King himself. The choked red light of the lantern, placed aloft in front, like a large demon eye, shed an unearthly halo around; and as unearthly was the aspect of the four horses, attached all abreast, snorting streams which looked, on this lurid night, like chilly fire. The postillion, perched on his low box, had crouched together, as if to present as small a superficies as possible to the cold, and wore the aspect of a dark, toad-coachman of this demon carriage. The passengers seemed chilled into silence. Lorenz, the conductor, shrank from his uncongenial companion in the *coupé*, the relic vendor of Treves, as from a noisome thing. From time to time alone he tried to peer into the darkness, so as to ascertain the nature of the road; and only once, in answer to repeated questions from Master Rochus, whose nervous twitchings displayed his own anxieties, did he vouchsafe the answer that their greatest danger was to be apprehended from the increase of the swollen waters and the floating masses of ice, which might have accumulated since the diligence last passed that way. In the interior, the silence was only broken by the snoring of Master Egidi, who, after grumbling about the best places being given to "abominable unbelievers," had yielded to the influence of the Affenthaler, and fallen asleep.

From time to time the old Jew shivered, as much from nervous apprehensions as from cold; and his fair companion might have been considered lifeless, had she not occasionally bent forward to arrange the disturbed wrappings of the suffering old man. The faint light within the carriage failed to reveal the stare of Adrian's eyes, fixed on the pretty form of the girl before him, who was evidently the object of his ardent admiration; and, but for an ill-suppressed sigh now and then, he might have been considered lifeless also. Yet, silent as it was, the heavy vehicle contained its own little living world of passions, interests, emotions, and cares.

Presently, the diligence began to tumble heavily down a gradual descent. Lorenz, the conductor, bent eagerly forward. He could see but little; but he felt that there was a struggling and striving among the horses as they gained the bottom. Now came the splashing of water. The road was inundated. For this he was prepared; but the anxious question in his mind was as to the force and depth of the flood. He called to the postillion to ask whether he could see the railings of a bridge. The answer was in the affirmative.

"Once over that cursed strip of land beyond, and we are safe, thunder and cannon!" he bawled. "On! man; and take care of the bridge!"

Again a struggle and a plunge—and the vehicle moved forward with unsteady, swaying movement. Lorenz could just distinguish the railings of the wooden bridge, which crossed a side stream, generally narrow and scanty. A dull, grating sound indicated that the diligence was on the bridge. The wooden structure swayed—the railings tottered. Was the bridge so weakened by the force of the stream during the last hours that it would break beneath them? This apprehension was felt by all except the sleeping Egidi. A heavy groaning sound—a crash—another plunge—another crash, more awful still! The diligence shook fearfully, then seemed to find a firmer support. It had reached the opposite side: but the bridge had given way behind it. A few spars of shattered railing, on the side the carriage had reached, were all that was visible. Again the diligence moved on—shook once more—then stopped entirely.

Lorenz called again to the driver, but his voice was deadened by the war of waters around. Without further reflection he opened the door of the *coupé* and sprang out. He stood nearly up to his middle in water. To his horror he found that the flood was rushing fiercely against him. The mighty stream seemed to have turned back upon itself. The horses could stem it with their burden no more.

The conductor's intimate knowledge of every portion of the road caused him to be at once aware of the precarious position in which the carriage had been placed. The spot on which it had been checked by the force of the flood was the upper end of a low strip of land skirting the river, and severed from the precipitous mountain by a small stream. Lorenz knew that this passage was sometimes inundated in the flooding seasons, but seldom or never to the extent of the present occasion. Could they have reached the other end, where the road again rose, all would have been well; but, as far as could be judged in the wild confusion of the waters, some accumulation of ice-blocks further down the stream had caused it to flow back on itself. To advance seemed impossible—all retreat had been cut off by the breaking of the bridge—on every side they were hemmed in. The first feeling of the conductor was one of utter despair. An icy chill ran through him. Some of the lesser ice-blocks drove against him, as though eager to make him prisoner. The danger to all of being frozen to death before they could be extricated shot through his brain.

Meanwhile the passengers became by degrees aware of the precarious position in which they were placed. Rochus, the relic vendor, shook in every limb, cursed the mission on which he was engaged and all its agents, blasphemed his Maker, and then, in strange contrast, tore some of his so-called relics from his tray, and prayed to the saints for his deliverance, in agony of mind. In the interior the scene, if not one of such clamorous and selfish despair, was scarcely less agitated. The fair girl, regardless of the cold, pressed her hands on her aged fellow-traveler, and entreated him to be "of comfort;" while the old Jew, more preoccupied it would seem with the weight upon his mind than the thought of self-preservation, shrieked clamorously and ceaselessly, "They must go on! they must!"

Adrian was occupied only with the object of his admiration, begged her to trust to his protection, and swore, like a true, ardent lover in so sore a strait, to rescue her or die. He would have sprung from the carriage had not Lorenz entreated him to refrain from such a useless step until some means could be devised for their liberation.

Egidi, now fully roused from his half-drunken sleep, poured forth a torrent of furious reproaches against the head of the "unbelieving and accursed Jew," whose obstinacy and love of usurious gain had plunged them, spite of warning, into so fearful a predicament.

The only means that Lorenz could devise were that the postillion should unharness one of the horses, mount it, wade through the flood until he reached the higher ground, gallop to the nearest village down the stream, and obtain assistance in boats. With difficulty, numbed as were their hands, and with movements impeded by the accumulating ice-blocks, was this task at last achieved by conductor and postillion. As the horse and rider disappeared in the mist a fresh gleam of hope glimmered in the mind of Lorenz. But the gleam was but a flash, extinguished speedily in the utter darkness of despair. Spite of the roaring of the stream, the shouts of the unhappy postillion were heard, to give notice that he was surrounded by ice-blocks, and frozen in, unable to advance or return. With his clothes now freezing to his body, and cracking in rents at every movement, Lorenz now contrived to climb upon the roof of the diligence and shout for succor—futile as he could not but feel the attempt must be.

In this despairing task he was assisted by Master Egidi, who, with all his coarseness, had a reckless courage and a love of desperate adventures, and had climbed upon the roof.

From time to time Adrian, though unwilling to leave the fair girl, joined in the shouts; while she, poor child, heeded little the words of her admirer, and was wholly absorbed in the sufferings of the old man, who now lay huddled together, an inert and groaning mass. The postillion's horn, too, was blown; but this ringing note of alarm came more fitfully and faintly presently—then ceased altogether. Above all the clamor might be heard the piteous and discordant groanings of the horses, battered by the ice-blocks whirling around them, and evidently freezing to death. At last another dull sound reached the ears of the unhappy beings imprisoned in their narrow cell of death; it was that of distant cannon. They knew it was the usual warning given to travelers on such occasions; but to them the warning was already vain. The energies of the men were becoming weaker and weaker, numbed as they were more and more by the intense cold which threatened to deaden them soon to lifelessness.

But there was a more immediate danger still. Masses of ice rushed round the devoted carriage, like demons sent by the Ice-King to claim their prey, and, as they clashed, climbed higher and higher on the vehicle, as though they were living things. The inundation, then, was rising! It was only too true. The waters oozed, and gushed, and hissed into the vehicle beneath the aperture of the door. Soon they flooded the floor, and now were rising little by little within. The coach tottered and shook in its whole mass, as if bending before the stream. In a short time they might be swept away. Adrian contrived to raise the Jew to a crouching position on the seat, where his fair companion knelt as best she could, chafing his hands. The young man would fain have despoiled himself of all his wrappings to bestow greater warmth on the object of her solicitude; but these intentions she gently though firmly repulsed.

Within, all passed in the silence of suffering expectation; while to their ears came the alternate curses and shrieking prayers of the despairing relic vendor. And still the waters rose slowly and steadily—now quiet, but not less fatal—now hissing and bubbling through the apertures, in gurgling sounds, as if full of the last stifled sobs of drowning men—sucked backward and forward, as the carriage swayed—but slowly rising ever. The situation of the two men on the roof, although they did not feel so keenly the lingering horrors of approaching death by drowning, was perhaps more immediately precarious. In spite of their incessant movements, to impart some warmth to their frames, they both felt that they could not long contend against their invisible but deadly enemy. With their last failing strength they joined in shouting aloud. The only sound returned was the boom of the cannon. The lingering dawn broke faintly and slowly around the doomed coach at last. A fine snow was falling. A dull, gray view of a sea of ice was gradually revealed. The horses were there, rigid, frozen erect in their positions. In the nearest distance a dark mass showed where the postillion sat, a frozen statue on his frozen horse. Around the coach the waters still rose more and more.

With the dawn sundry groups of various personages from the neighboring villages had assembled in different spots on the heights above, not far from the place where the diligence had been hemmed in. A humble Providence had been astir that night, in the shape of Lieschen, the pretty daughter of the inn-keeper. She could not forget the pale face of that fair, delicate girl, exposed to the rigors of the cold, and evident dangers of the journey; and at last she declared to Hans, her sweet-heart, who came to say a last "good-night" to her, that she would never look upon his face again if he did not immediately take steps to prevent a catastrophe. So poor Master Hans, however unwillingly, was obliged to pursue a night-journey down the stream, by those by-roads on the heights known to the inhabitants of the district. He gave the alarm all along the mountain of the possible dangers to the diligence. The population were already aroused by the sound of the warning cannon; in their eyes the diligence was a sort of holy ark, as a thing of government creation and superintendence. It was speedily ascertained that no intelligence had been heard of the revered vehicle beyond the low, narrow strip of road, known to be already considerably flooded.

Before break of day a crowd of men, and even women and children, were assembled on the heights above. The fine snow had ceased to fall, but a mist still hung over the river, like the steam of a gigantic caldron. The little masses of people shouted also, and blew their cow-horns, but no answer was returned. Presently the mist swept away, and the cry came that the glimpse of some dark object below had been seen. Again a parting of the mist, and a considerable portion of the river came to view. A louder shout proclaimed that the dark mass of the diligence was visible below. The detached masses now congregated on the promontory of rock overhanging the spot where was the carriage. Means of rescuing the unhappy travelers were discussed. The masses of ice prevented the access of boats. But presently ropes were brought, and several sturdy fellows were lowered down the steep rock with planks and ladders. All was animation, excitement, and interest. Some of the men were soon seen, from above, plunging almost up to their arm-pits in the icy tide. Again the mist swept over the scene, and all was doubt and lamentation. Long seemed the moments of suspense. At length came a noise of shouting, and directions to those upon the heights to superintend the action of the ropes. Now, at last, a man was raised to the level of the earth; he bore in his arms a fair girl, seemingly utterly lifeless. Surrounded by women and children, she was borne away to the largest house in the village. Luckily, the parish priest was not without sufficient store of medical knowledge for the treatment of such sufferers. In a few minutes all that was necessary for resuscitation was provided. Lain upon the bed of an inner room, the girl soon opened her eyes to life: her first inquiry was for her aged companion; and she strove to rise. The old Jew was now likewise borne in, and placed upon a rude sofa: he, too, was completely lifeless. The face of Adrian appeared for a moment at the door: he gazed wildly around him, as if scarcely able to collect his benumbed faculties; but he heard the words, "She lives," and resigned himself to the hands of those who hospitably cared for him, and placed him on the mattress spread in the outer room. Egidi was there. His first impulse on entering the house had been to open his mouth, with a drinker's instinct: and liquid had been poured down with wonderful effect. Lorenz still strove to stand upon his feet, and laughed and cried hysterically: the sturdy old soldier was wholly overcome. For the postillion alone fears were entertained; his frozen state seemed to have stopped the whole current of life. In the kitchen, held down on his mattress almost by force, raved the relic vendor of Treves. Terror had evidently rendered him light-headed. He screamed incoherent words. Now he cried, "Stop him! let him not get on to Cologne!" and then again, with an air of triumph on his face—"Praised be the Saints! It is done! it is done!—the recreant Jew will not be there in time!"

Egidi was the first to recover his strength, although his complexion remained of the redness of beet-root. Fortunately for his peace of mind, the only glass that was at hand was the glass which was being filled with brandy.

"Thunder and lightning!" he shouted, with all the exuberance of energy restored to a lusty frame, "here's to the good genius of the house of Hohenfels. The last of the illustrious race will not have perished like a frozen cock-sparrow on a dunghill!"

At the same moment, his fair traveling companion had opened the inner door to request him to moderate his noisy manner, as the reviving old man had sunk into a heavy slumber. She started at the words of Egidi, and, staggering forward, begged a few words with him. Adrian, who had raised himself from his mattress on his elbow on her entrance, thought that his brain must be under the delusion of delirium, as he watched the eager and animated colloquy between his friend, who had, during the journey, shown nothing but repugnance to the sweet girl, and the object of his intense admiration. The conference, hurried as it was, appeared long; and—did his eyes deceive him? surely the burly student had caught the lovely being in his arms! He started up, still doubting his own sight. But scarcely less was his surprise when Egidi cried aloud, with fervor, "So help me Heaven, I will do it!" and ran out of the house, while the girl disappeared into the inner room. "It must be all a delusion," Adrian thought. He sat up to collect his senses. No! he was not mad with the sufferings he had undergone. It was with the clear possession of his senses that he saw Egidi again enter the house hurriedly, knock at the inner door, receive a heavy packet from the hands of the fair girl, as she appeared, impress a kiss upon her forehead, and then again rush frantically from the house. He sprang up, and tottered after his friend. He heard the sound of a galloping horse upon the frosty ground as he reached the door of the house. On the road he caught sight of Egidi, tearing along on horseback in a mad career. Bewildered, mystified, and with strange sentiments of jealousy raging in his heart, Adrian fell back on his mattress in a sort of swoon.

The day was far advanced when Adrian awoke, to find himself in the arms of the priest, who held his wrist.

"You will do now," said the old gentleman; "you only want food."

"But what did it all mean? Explain!" said Adrian, still confused.

But the priest only shook his head, and again felt the young man's pulse. Adrian saw that he was not comprehended. He inquired after his fellow-travelers then. The Jew was still in a very prostrate state, weeping and refusing to be comforted; although the girl sat by his side, assuring him that all would be well. She herself was much restored, but evidently troubled in mind. Adrian was still a prey to the most conflicting feelings, compounded of doubt, anxiety, sympathy, jealousy, and fear of having bestowed his affections on a woman who had so quickly shown an undue familiarity with another man, and that woman a Jewess, when the object of his thoughts entered the room. He mastered himself sufficiently to ask, with an air of politeness, how was her father.

"Barnabas, of Cologne, is not my father," she answered, with a smile; "only a good old friend, who deserves a father's title for the care he has long bestowed on me. It is not altogether unselfishly that I would now repose some confidence in *you*. I need a friend, such as you have shown yourself in the past night of heavy trial, with whom to speak of all my anxious doubts and fears. Will Baron Adrian von Steinberg listen to me?"

"You know my name?" exclaimed Adrian, still more bewildered.

"I learned it from your friend. It is that of one with whom, however distantly connected, I may claim some relationship."

To the astonished Adrian the girl now told all her history. Did he know that unhappy Count Hohenfels, who had been accused of high treason, and had lived long in exile? Yes, was Adrian's answer, his story had been in every mouth: he was his companion's father. She was Helmina von Hohenfels.

The tale, though told with much detail, may thus be succinctly repeated:

"Count Rudolf von Hohenfels had been throughout life the opponent of the Jesuits; and in all his views he had been abetted and supported by his friend and patron, the Emperor Leopold. But he had excited the virulent hatred of the powerful Jesuit party. The Emperor stood too high to be reached at once by the manœuvres of these wily foes: but Count Hohenfels became a doomed man. The extravagance of his father, and a considerable amount of carelessness on his own part, had greatly involved the property of the Count. To relieve himself of his temporary difficulties he had contrived to raise a large sum upon the mortgages of his estates; but, in effecting this negotiation, the Count had not been aware that cunning eyes had been upon all his movements, and that the mortgage had fallen into the hands of his enemies, the Jesuits. Not content with this hold upon their active adversary, however, the party had laid their nets around the unwary Hohenfels, with such adroitness of intrigue that they were able to bring against him a charge of high treason, with some fair semblance of truth. But the Count had been warned by his friend, the Emperor, of this accusation, and, until measures to prove his innocence could be taken, had been counseled flight and concealment. The unhappy man had been for some few years a widower; but a child, a daughter, remained to him; and he feared to make the poor little delicate girl a partner of his flight. Some years previously the Count had been able to render an important service to a persecuted Jew; and Barnabas had sworn a life-long devotion to his benefactor. To this faithful and secret friend the Count had confided his child. Years went by before the innocence of the exiled Hohenfels could be proved. By the active measures of Leopold the Jesuit party had been considerably weakened; a confederate had betrayed their manœuvres. The falsehood of the accusation was patent; and the Count was recalled. But a revenge was still in the hands of his adversaries. The hour for the foreclose of the mortgage had arrived. If the Count escaped the fate prepared for him, at all events his estates would pass into the hands of the adverse part. No time was to be lost to rescue the estates by payment of the debt. The funds were raised. The Count hastily sent his instructions to old Barnabas to depart for Cologne, with the moneys and papers for the release, and pay off the mortgage before the close of the last day. For this purpose the Jew had departed with his young charge from Mayence—where he had sought a residence with Helmina—to Cologne; and hence the poor faithful old man's agony lest he should not arrive in time. The catastrophe of the past night had ruined all his hopes. He lay prostrate upon his couch, groaning that all was lost, that his benefactor would be ruined, and nothing was left him but to die. But at this hour of despair Helmina von Hohenfels had discovered in Egidi the orphaned son of her father's younger brother, and her own cousin. To him the situation of things had been explained; and Egidi, who, coarse as he was, had a brave heart, had ridden on, intending to take relays of post-riding horses on his way, with the papers and moneys in his possession, and strive to reach Cologne in time to prevent the foreclosing of the fatal mortgage."

But still all was doubt and anxiety. Would Egidi, weakened as he was by the miseries of that fearful night, be able to reach the house of the Cologne man-of-law in time? The terror of failure was in the minds of all.

Poor old Barnabas whimpered and lamented; and Helmina von Hohenfels trembled for the fortunes of her father, whom she was so soon to press in her arms, after years of separation. And thus the day passed in that village house. Rochus, meanwhile, was in a state of high fever. From his mad ravings, and his muttered words in his more lucid intervals, it had soon been revealed to the priest, and subsequently to Adrian and Helmina, that the relic vendor had been employed by the agents of the Jesuit party to prevent, at any price, the arrival of Barnabas, the Jew, at Cologne. Providence had destined that both the Jew and the spy should equally be prevented in the prosecution of their intents. But had not the enemy still triumphed?

The day was far advanced on the morrow, and no Egidi had appeared. The suspense was hard to bear. At length the sound of a galloping horse. Presently the frantic messenger rushed into the room: he flung the title-deeds on the table, uttered a yell of triumph, staggered, and fell. He had fainted. Poor old Barnabas quickly found strength enough to know that the estates of his benefactor had been saved.

It is only necessary further to record that Helmina was soon restored to her father—that, in due course of time, Adrian von Steinberg called himself the Count's son-in-law—that cousin Egidi drank profound healths to the bride and bridegroom on the occasion of the wedding—that the old Jew lived to fondle his benefactor's grandchildren—and that Rochus, the relic vendor, became the inmate of a miserable madhouse. By-the-way, it may be as well to mention, that the anniversary of that day in February was always kept in the family of Hohenfels as one of thanksgiving for escape from death, when frozen in.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE question is often asked with painful solicitude, what climate is best for consumptive invalids? The answers given are puzzlingly diverse, and must always be so, since the climate best adapted to the needs of a consumptive person must in general be a matter of experiment in each individual case. It is, however, a common and sensible opinion that relief is most likely to be procured by *some* change of air—that is, if the disease has not progressed too far. To take a very *feeble* invalid away from home is usually dangerous. Within a few years past many Eastern physicians have recommended Minnesota as a favorable place of residence for those threatened with lung diseases. Many have been permanently benefited by the climate. Others have continued to waste away. Minnesota is by no means a warm country. The thermometer is said to fall frequently thirty and forty degrees below zero in the winter; but the air is pure, dry, and still, and one does not feel the intense cold as in places of the same temperature where high, damp winds prevail. March and April are, as in most sections, trying months. It is said, moreover, that those who regain health by going to Minnesota need to stay there in order to render the cure permanent. Nassau, on New Providence, one of the Bahama Islands, is a favorite resort for those threatened with pulmonary complaints. A voyage of about four days takes one to this city. Fruits, such as oranges, bananas, and cocoa-nuts abound; but the special attraction is the equable temperature, which enables a person whose lungs are affected to keep constantly out of doors. No such thing as a fire-place or stove is ever required for warmth. There are no damp, cold winds, no sudden changes in the atmosphere. The thermometer seldom falls below sixty-two degrees in what is called winter, nor is the heat so excessive in summer as it sometimes is in New York. It is the genial climate which draws invalids to the city of Nassau.

The prophets are against Louis Napoleon most decidedly. They have been looking up dates of important events; and have drawn the following curious parallel between the present Emperor of France and Louis Philippe. Those who attach significance to coincidences may be interested in solving the arithmetical problems:

Louis Philippe ascended the throne......1830
Was born..............................1773
Queen was born........................1782
They were married......................1809

1830	1830	1830
1	1	1
7	7	8
7	8	0
3	2	9
1848	1848	1848

The year of banishment.

Louis Napoleon proclaimed Emperor....1852
Was born..............................1808
Empress was born......................1826
Married...............................1853

1852	1852	1852
1	1	1
8	8	8
0	2	5
8	6	3
1869	1869	1869

To be dethroned.

The Liederkranz Ball, held in the Academy of Music last week, was so numerously attended, that the large building was crowded to its utmost capacity. The costumes were elegant, and generally in excellent taste. A significant feature of this ball, which distinguishes it from many others which have been given this season, was the absence of objectionable persons. The committee were so particular that one mask who appeared in a rather indecorous toilet was politely requested to withdraw.

The trial trips of the Elevated Railway, which has been constructed on Greenwich Street, from Courtland Street to the Battery, appear to have given great satisfaction. The cars are drawn by an endless chain, and every part of the machinery seems to have been designed with a view of rendering accidents impossible. The chain is worked by a pair of oscillating engines. It is proposed to extend this railway to Thirtieth Street, to connect with the Hudson River Railroad trains.

A standard heading to one column in our daily papers continues to be "The Rogers Murder." New developments of various kinds appear from time to time, but they seem to have no important bearing on the case. The mystery is still mysterious at the time of this writing, though something new, startling, and even decisive may "turn up" any day. There are some cases on record as strangely dark as this; but crime of such a nature is generally brought to light, and it is believed that the old adage, "Murder will out," will prove true in this instance.

Will not some genius invent a machine for composing editorials, interesting stories, and the like? In this progressive age somebody really should undertake to do it! It would scarcely be more difficult than to design a mathematical contrivance for adding figures in so simple a manner as Mr. C. H. Webb has done. His "Adding Machine" works in a wonderfully intelligent manner, and will give a most agreeable rest to the brains of those whose lives are often harassed by puzzling figures.

The dangers of the sea have been unusually great during the present winter. Seldom has the Atlantic Ocean been visited by so many violent storms, and some terrible marine disasters are the consequence. That so many vessels have been able to outride the furious elements and bring their passengers safe to port, is a matter of devout thankfulness.

In an essay read at a recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences the author stated that manufacturers of silk are in the habit of fixing a large quantity of coloring matter, sometimes as much as 300 per cent. of the whole weight, on silk subjected to the dyeing process—a practice which must be injurious to its quality. Some silk charged with foreign matter to the amount of 150 per cent., having been subjected to a temperature of 239° Fahrenheit, it lost 22 per cent. of water. One end of a sample thus treated caught fire even before it was taken from the stove, and the whole burst into a blaze immediately after. A second sample did not ignite when it was brought out, but emitted sparks which threatened to break out into a flame. The material, being perfectly dry, absorbed moisture so rapidly when exposed to the air as to cause an immense increase of temperature.

A curious story is reported from Washington. Among the appropriations recently asked from Congress was one for paying the Superintendent of the *Crypt*. Nobody knew any thing about the Crypt. Investigation showed that, soon after General Washington died, Congress provided for the construction of a vault under the Capitol, to be called the Crypt, in which his remains were to be deposited. A light was to be kept burning near it, and a Superintendent was appointed to watch it, as he has been doing daily for the last fifty years! Meantime, Washington's body was not deposited there, and every body, Congress included, forgot that any such thing was in existence. The only memorial that exists to keep the memory of the affair alive has been the annual appropriation for the Superintendent.

The Secretary of the Treasury has issued stringent orders to prevent the killing of fur seals in Alaska. A military force is to be stationed on the islands of St. Paul and St. George, in Bering's Sea, and a steamer will cruise in their neighborhood. The seals frequent in numbers only these islands, and their habits and timidity are such as to make necessary the utmost caution in dealing with them, or they would be speedily driven from the Territory. Every proceeding likely to frighten the animals is prohibited; but if the stoppage of seal-hunting causes want among the natives, food will be furnished them by Government. Strict regulations are to be enforced until Congress shall make provision by law permitting the animals to be killed.

General Grant maintains his characteristic reticence even toward ladies, who, fancying perhaps that they can find a weak spot, appeal to his gallantry. "General," remarked a lady to him not long ago, "I am dying to know who are to be in the Cabinet!" "Are you?" was the composed rejoinder. "Yes," she repeated, "I am dying with curiosity!" "*That's just what Mrs. Grant says!*" was the cool reply of the General.

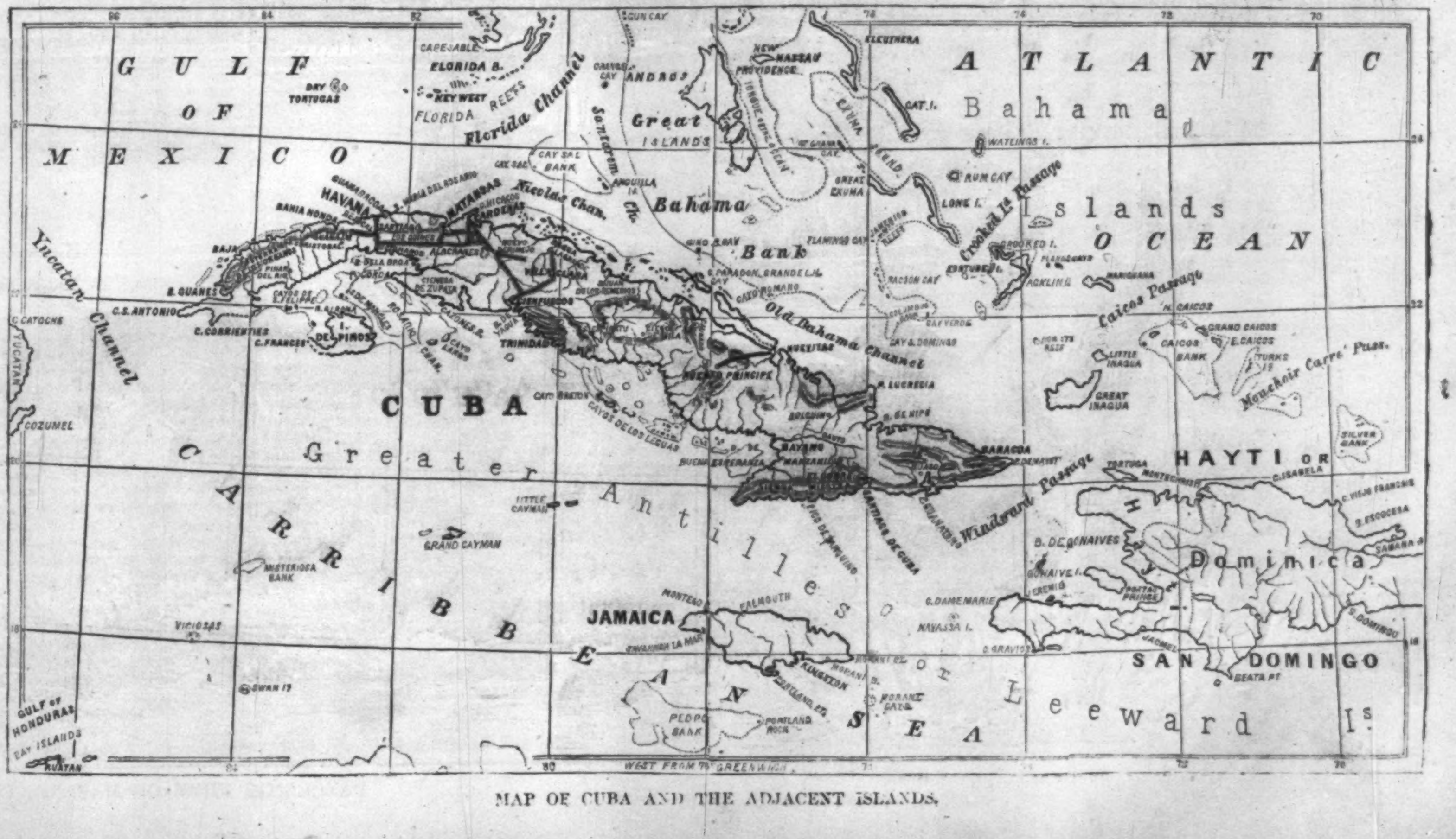
Every one who writes about tea and coffee nowadays—and there are not a few who find a good deal to say about them—gives a new recipe for making these beverages, which he thinks is the only really good one extant. It is somewhat amusing as well as puzzling to read the various methods, which are each one the "*best*." The latest directions we have seen are these: "In point of strength it is found experimentally that infusions of tea and coffee are strong enough when about two and a half tea-spoonfuls of tea or two ounces of freshly-roasted coffee are infused in boiling water." Boiling water! *How much*, pray? A gill, or a gallon, or what other quantity?

Chicago is to have a mammoth hotel. A company has been incorporated, styled the Interoceanic Hotel Company, which, with a capital of two million dollars, and many enterprising leaders, will doubtless accomplish something excellent in the hotel line.

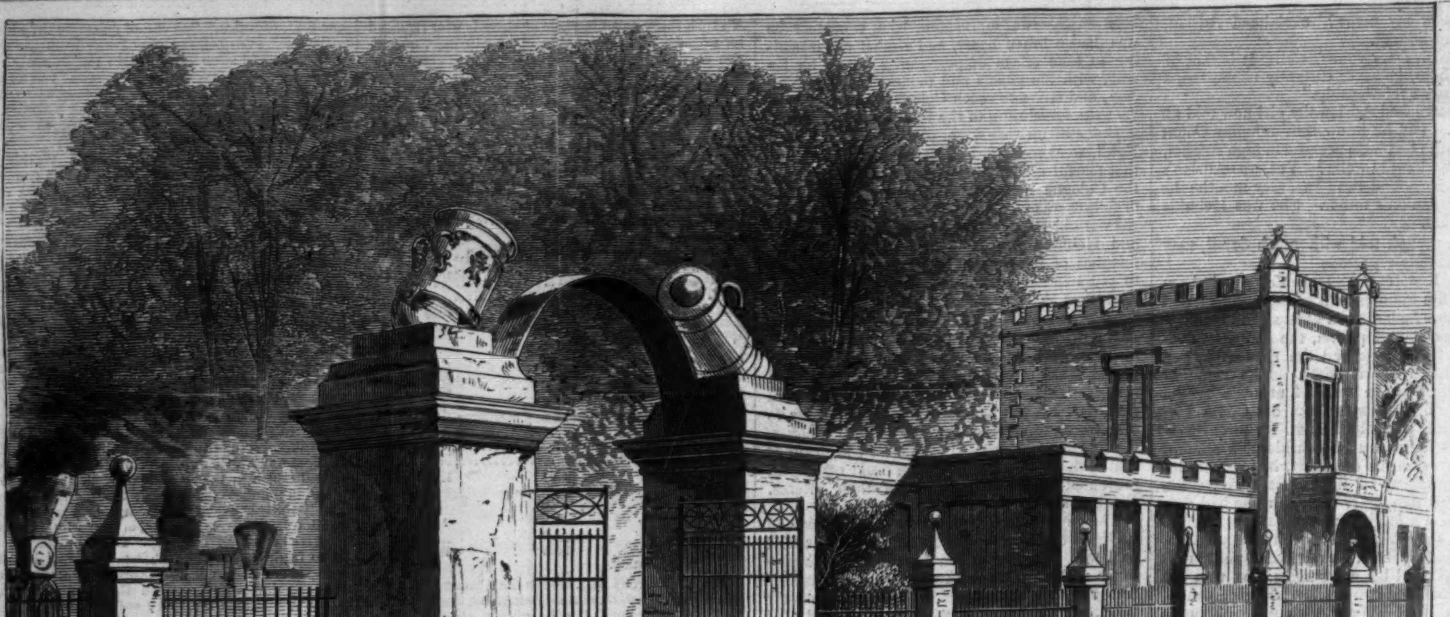
The Chinese language is peculiar in construction and inflections. An American missionary lately asked for a hammer, and had a shuttle-cock brought to him. Another, demanding a beef-steak, was supplied with three sheep-tails. A third applied for some candy, and received a rusty old hatchet.

Do children ever feel cold when they are doing what they *like* to do, is a question suggested by the recent case of a little fellow. He was crying bitterly with the cold when he was told by his mother to remain in the house. To insure compliance with her demands she removed the youngster's boots. He was discovered an hour later merrily coasting barefooted along the snow.

It is reported that Queen Isabella has remarked that if she had known Paris was such a pleasant place to live in she would have abdicated long ago. Her apartments in her new Parisian mansion are spacious and gorgeous. She goes out but little, except for her daily promenade at the Bois de Boulogne. She usually spends her evenings at home reading, writing, or receiving callers. Of course numerous visitors endeavor to gain access to her, but all are not admitted. Isabella is a fond mother. Her son, the Prince of Asturias, is said to be a pleasant boy, lively and keen. He is ten years old, and seems to like Paris.



MAP OF CUBA AND THE ADJACENT ISLANDS.



RAILROAD DEPOT HAVANA.

THE CUBAN

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indicates the value which Spain
dependency.

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The result of this conflict w
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without revolution, followed by
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Havana, of which we publi
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but more than twice that space
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palaces of the Captain-General
plain edifices fronting on the
"Fuente de la India," or Ind
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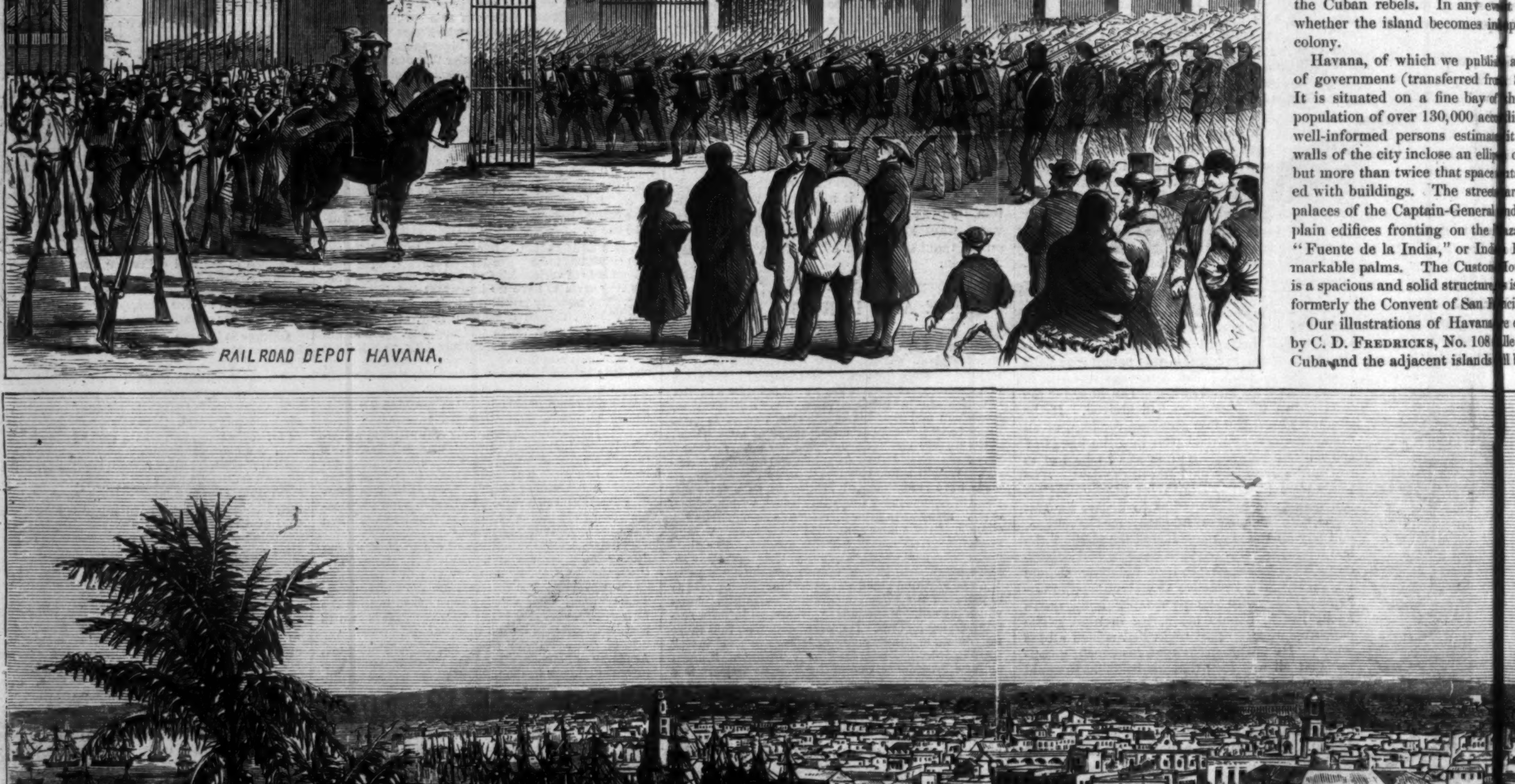
is a spacious and solid structur
formerly the Convent of San
Our illustrations of Havan
by C. D. **Fredricks**, No. 108
Cuba and the adjacent islands



PANORAMIC VIEW OF HAVANA, CUBA.—[Photogr

AN REVOLUTION.

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pirit together with its queen. It also
Spain sets upon her principal colonial

Cuba show that the revolution is by
that the spirit of rebellion is spread-
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Indian Fountain, surrounded by re-
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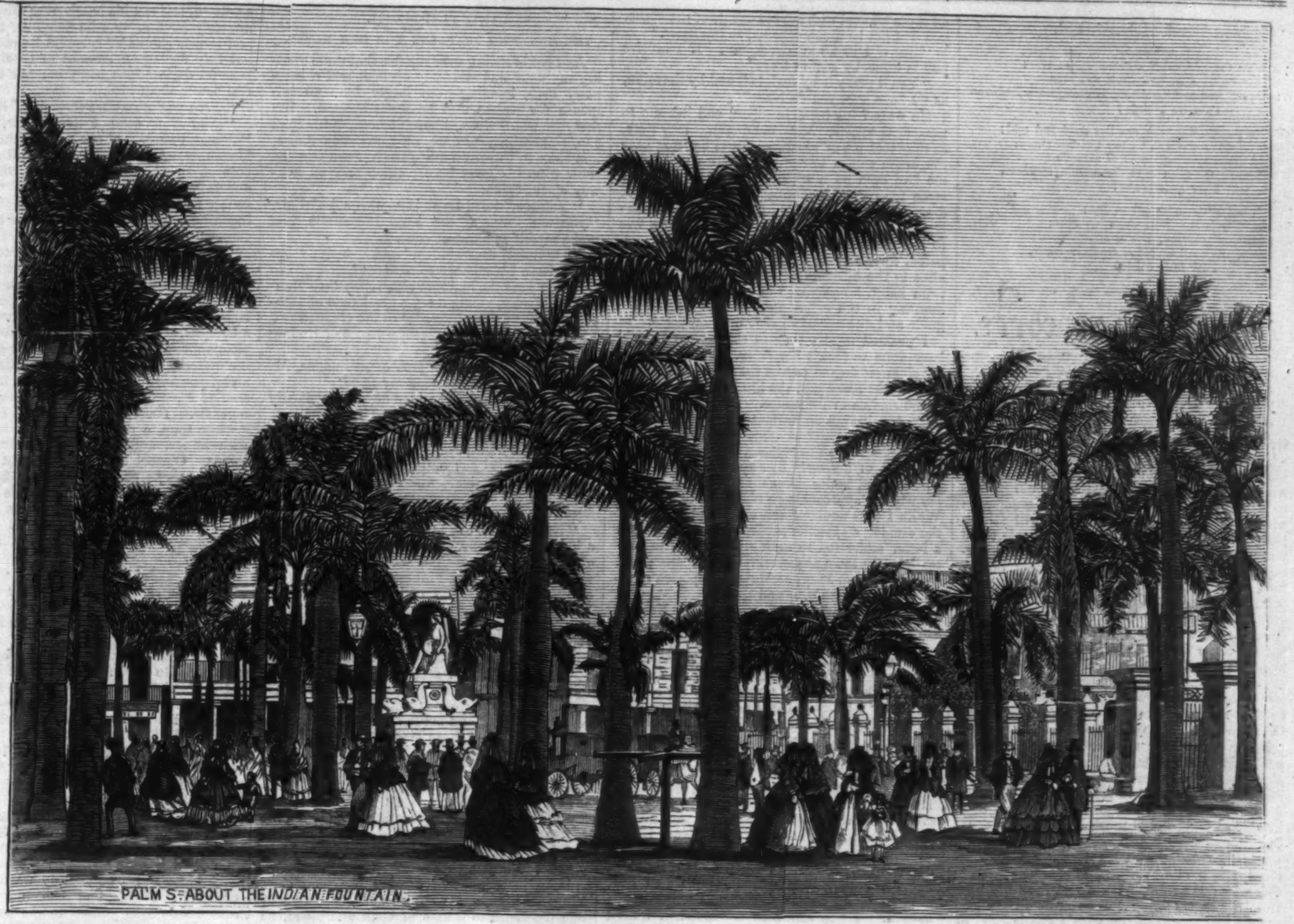
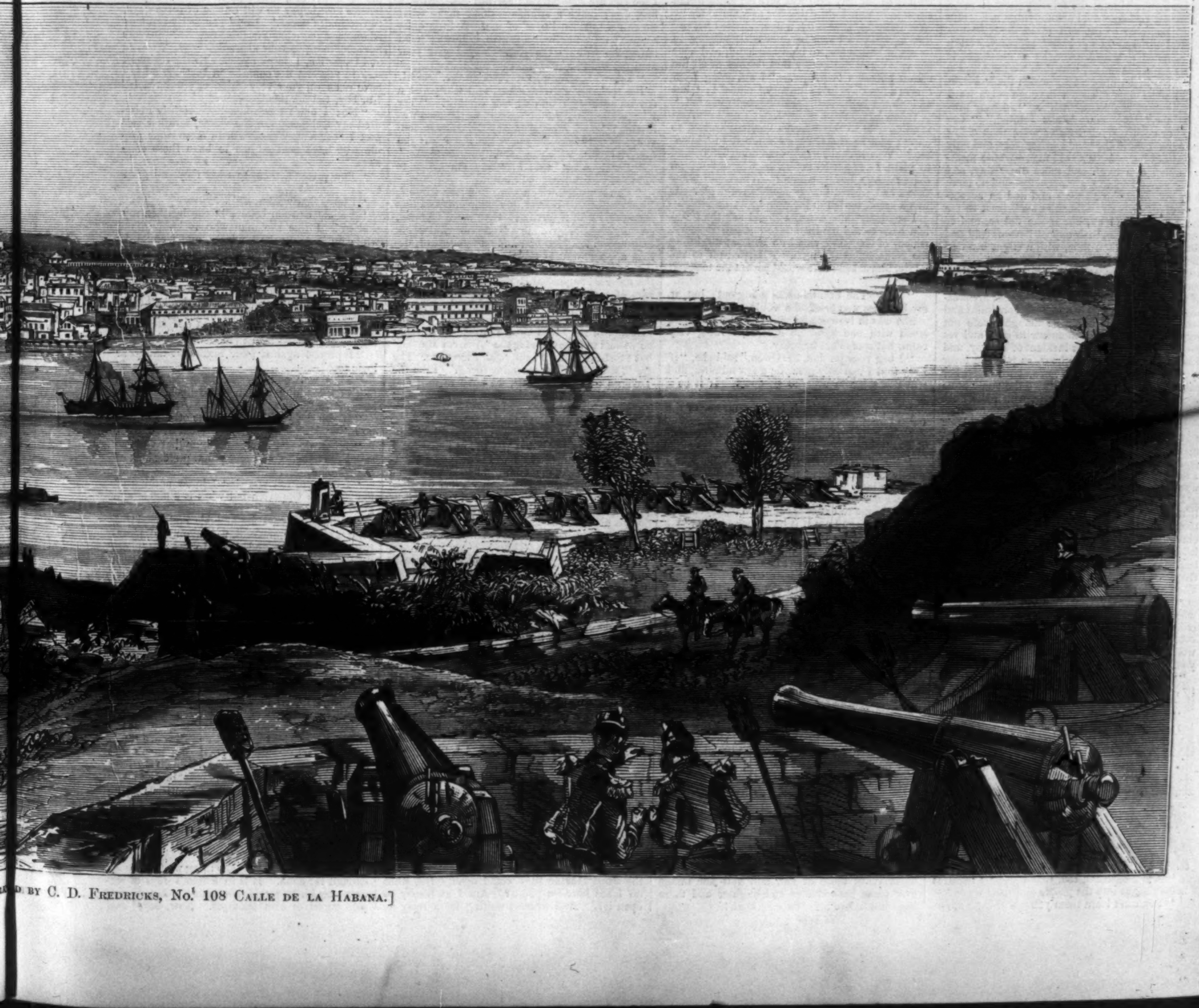


PALMS. ABOUT THE INDIAN FOUNTAIN.



BY C. D. FREDRICKS, No. 108 CALLE DE LA HABANA.]

THE HELPLESS.

THE hen-bird beats her pinions on the snare;
Her mate the goshawk's crooked talons tear;
Over the callow nestlings, weak and lone,
What wing shall spread when darkness gathers?—None.
Poor little birds!

The shepherd's dog with age lies dead and cold;
The wolf steals down upon the trembling fold;
The last pale crimson streak of sunset's gone;
Who guards the flock until the morning?—None.
Poor little lambs!

The father in the felon prison lies;
The mother in the spital shuts her eyes;
Sharp hunger sickens; day is almost done;
Who watches by the squalid cradle?—None.
Poor little babes!

THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S.

CHAPTER XXII.

UNWISHED-FOR PROMOTION.

THE morning after this brief intimation I attached myself to that department of the house whose business was to receive and reply to telegraphic messages. I took that group of countries whose languages I knew, and addressed myself to my task in right earnest. An occupation whose chief feature is emergency will always possess a certain interest, but beyond this there was not any thing attractive in my present pursuit. A peremptory message to sell this, or buy that, to push on vigorously with a certain enterprise, or to suspend all action in another, would perhaps form the staple of a day's work. When disasters occurred, too, it was their monetary feature alone was recorded. The fire that consumed a warehouse was told with reference to the amount insured; the shipwreck was related by incidents that bore on the lost cargo, and the damage incurred. Still, it was less monotonous than the work of the office, and I had a certain pride in converting the messages—sometimes partly, sometimes totally unintelligible—into language that could be understood, that imparted a fair share of ambition to my labor.

My duty was to present myself, with my book in which I had entered the dispatches, each evening, at supper-time, at Herr Ignaz's house. He would be at table with his daughter when I arrived, and the interview would pass somewhat in this wise: Herr Oppovich would take the book from my hands without a word, or even a look at me, and the Fräulein, with a gentle bend of the head, but without the faintest show of more intimate greeting, would acknowledge me. She would continue to eat as I stood there, as unmindful of me as though I were a servant. Having scanned the book over, he would hand it across to his daughter, and then would ensue a few words in a whisper, after which the Fräulein would write opposite each message some word of reply or of comment, such as, "Already provided for," "Further details wanted," "Too late," or such like; but never more than a few words, and these she would write freely, and only consulting herself. The old man—whose memory failed him more and more every day, and whose general debility grew rapidly—did no more than glance at the answers and nod an acceptance of them. In giving the book back to me she rarely looked up, but if she did so, and if her eyes met mine, their expression was cold and almost defiant; and thus, with a slight bend of the head, I would be dismissed.

Nor was this reception the less chilling that, before I had well closed the door, they would be in full conversation again, showing that my presence it was which had inspired the constraint and reserve. These, it might be thought, were not very proud nor blissful moments to me; and yet they formed the happiest incident of my day, and I actually longed for the hour, as might a lover to meet his mistress. To gaze at will upon her pale and beautiful face, to watch the sunlight as it played upon her golden hair, which she wore—in some fashion, perhaps, peculiar to her race—in heavy masses of curls that fell over her back and shoulders; her hand, too, a model of symmetry, and with the fingers rose-tipped, like the goddesses of Homer, affected me as a spell; and I have stood there unconsciously staring at it till warned by a second admonition to retire.

Perhaps the solitude in which I lived helped to make me dwell more thoughtfully on this daily-recurring interview; for I went nowhere, I associated with no one, I dined alone, and my one brisk walk for health and exercise I took by myself. When evening came, and the other clerks frequented the theatre, I went home to read, or as often to sit and think.

"Sara tells me," said the old man one day, when some rare chance had brought him to my office—"Sara tells me that you are suffering from over-confinement. She thinks you look pale and worn, and that this constant work is telling on you."

"Far from it, Sir. I am both well and happy, and if I needed to be made happier, this thoughtful kindness would make me so."

"Yes; she is very kind, and very thoughtful, too; but, as well as these, she is despotic," said he, with a faint laugh; "and so she has decided that you are to exchange with M. Marsac, who will be here by Saturday, and who will put you up to all the details of his walk. He buys our timber for us in Hungary and Transylvania; and he, too, will enjoy a little rest from constant travel."

"I don't speak Hungarian, Sir," began I, eager to offer an opposition to the plan.

"Sara says you are a quick learner, and will soon acquire it—at least, enough for traffic."

"It is a business, too, that I suspect requires much insight into the people and their ways."

"You can't learn them younger, lad; and, as all those we deal with are old clients of the house, you will not be much exposed to rogueries."

"But if I make mistakes, Sir? If I involve you in difficulty and in loss?"

"You'll repay it by zeal, lad, and by devotion, as we have seen you do here."

He waved his hand in adieu, and left me to my own thoughts. Very sad thoughts they were, as they told me of separation from her that gave the whole charm to my life. Sara's manner to me had been so markedly cold and distant for some time past, so unlike what it had been at first, that I could not help feeling that, by ordering me away, some evidence of displeasure was to be detected. The old man I at once exculpated, for every day showed him less and less alive to the business of "the House;" though, from habit, he persisted in coming down every morning to the office, and believed himself the guide and director of all that went on there.

I puzzled myself long to think what I could have done to forfeit her favor. I had never in the slightest degree passed that boundary of deference that I was told she liked to exact from all in the service of the house. I had neglected no duty, nor, having no intimates or associates, had I given opportunity to report of me that I had said this or that of my employers. I scrutinized every act of my daily life, and suggested every possible and impossible cause for this coldness; but without approaching a reason at all probable. While I thus doubted and disputed with myself the evening dispatches arrived, and among them a letter addressed to myself. It bore the postmark of the town alone, with this superscription, "Digby Owen, Esq., at Messrs. Oppovich's, Fiume." I tore it open, and read:

"The address you wish for is, 'Lady Norcott, Sunday's Well, Cork, Ireland.'"

The writing looked an English hand, and the language was English. There was no date, nor any signature. Could it have been, then, that I had folded, and sealed, and sent on my letter—that letter I believed I had never written—without knowing it, and that the lawyer had sent me this reply, which, though long delayed, might have been postponed till he had obtained the tidings it conveyed? At all events, I had got my dear mother's address—at least, I hoped so. This point I resolved to ascertain at once, and sat down to write to her. It was a very flurried note I composed, though I did my very best to be collected. I told her how and where I was, and by what accident of fortune I had come here; that I had reasonable hopes of advancement, and, even now, had a salary which was larger than I needed. I was afraid to say much of what I wished to tell her, till I was sure my letter would reach her; and I entreated her to write to me by return of post, were it but a line. I need not say how many loves I sent her, nor what longings to be again beside her, to hold her hand, and hear her voice, and call her by that dearest of all the names affection cherishes. "I am going from this in a few days into Hungary," added I; "but address me here, and it shall be sent after me."

When I had finished my letter I again turned my thoughts to this strange communication, so abrupt and so short. How came it to Fiume, too? Was it enclosed in some other letter, and to whom? If posted in Fiume, why not written there? Ay; but by whom? Who could know that I had wished for my mother's address? It was a secret buried in my own heart.

I suddenly determined I would ask the Fräulein Sara to aid me in unraveling this mystery, which, of course, I could do without disclosing the contents of the note. I hurried off to the house, and asked if she would permit me to speak to her.

"Yes. The Fräulein was going out; but, if my business was brief, she would see me."

She was in bonnet and shawl as I entered, and stood with one hand on a table, looking very calm, but somewhat haughty.

"I beg your pardon, M. Owen," said she, "if I say that I can only give you a few minutes, and will not ask you even to sit down. If it be a matter of the office—"

"No, mademoiselle, it is not a matter of the office."

"Then, if it relate to your change of occupation—"

"No, mademoiselle, not even to that. It is a purely personal question. I have got a letter, with a Fiume post-mark on it, but without the writer's name; and I am curious to know if you could aid me to discover him. Would you look at the hand, and see if it be known to you?"

"Pray excuse me, M. Owen. I am the stupidest of all people in reading riddles or solving difficulties. All the help I can give you is to say how I treat anonymous letters myself. If they be simply insults, I burn them. If they relate what appear to be matters of fact, I wait and watch for them."

Offended by the whole tone of her manner, I bowed and moved toward the door.

"Have you seen M. Marsac? I hear he has arrived."

"No, mademoiselle; not yet."

"When you have conferred and consulted with him your instructions are all prepared; and I suppose you are ready to start?"

"I shall be, mademoiselle, when called upon."

"I will say good-by, then," said she, advancing one step toward me, evidently intending to offer me her hand; but I replied by a low, very low, bow, and retired.

I thought I should choke as I went down the stairs. My throat seemed to swell, and then to close up; and when I gained the shelter of the thick trees I threw myself down on my face in the grass, and sobbed as if my heart was breaking. How I vowed and swore that I would tear every recollection of her from my mind, and never think more of her, and how her image ever came back clearer and brighter and more beautiful before me after each oath!

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE MAN WHO TRAVELED FOR OUR HOUSE.

As I sat brooding over my fire that same evening my door was suddenly opened, and a large burly man, looming even larger from an immense fur pelisse that he wore, entered. His first care was to divest himself of a tall Astrakhan cap, from which he flung off some snow-flakes, and then to throw off his pelisse, stamping the snow from his great boots, which reached half-way up the thigh.

"You see," cried he at last, with a jovial air, "you see I come, like a good comrade, and make myself at home at once."

"I certainly see so much," said I, dryly; "but whom have I the honor to receive?"

"You have the honor to receive Gustave Maurice de Marsac, young man, a gentleman of Dauphiné, who now masquerades in the character of first traveler for the respectable house of Hodnig and Oppovich."

"I am proud to make your acquaintance, M. de Marsac," said I, offering my hand.

"What age are you?" cried he, staring fixedly at me. "You can't be twenty?"

"No, I am not twenty."

"And they purpose to send you down to replace *me!*" cried he; and he threw himself back in his chair, and shook with laughter.

"I see all the presumption; but I can only say it was none of my doing."

"No, no; don't say presumption," said he, in a half-coaxing tone. "But I may say it, without vanity; it is not every man's gift to be able to succeed Gustave de Marsac. May I ask for a cigar? Thanks. A real Cuban I verily believe. I finished my tobacco two posts from this, and have been smoking all the samples—pepper and hemp-seed among them—since then."

"May I offer you something to eat?"

"You may if you accompany it with something to drink. Would you believe it, Oppovich and his daughter were at supper when I arrived to report myself, and neither of them as much as said, Chevalier—I mean Mon. de Marsac—won't you do us the honor to join us? No. Old Ignaz went on with his meal—cold veal and a potato salad, I think it was; and the fair Sara examined my posting-book to see I had made no delay on the road; but neither offered me even the courtesy of a glass of wine."

"I don't suspect it was from any want of hospitality," I began.

"An utter want of every thing, mon cher. Want of decency; want of delicacy; want of due deference to a man of birth and blood. I I see you are sending your servant out. Now, I beg, don't make a stranger—don't make what we call a 'Prince Russe' of me. A little quiet supper, and something to wash it down; good fellowship will do the rest. May I give your man the orders?"

"You will confer a great favor on me," said I.

He took my servant apart, and whispered a few minutes with him at the window. "Try Kleptomitz first," said he aloud, as the man was leaving; "and mind you say M. Marsac sent you. Smart 'bursche' you've got there. If you don't take him with you hand him over to me."

"I will do so," said I; "and am happy to have secured him a good master."

"You'll not know him when you pass through Fiume again. I believe there's not my equal in Europe to drill a servant. Give me a Chinese, an Esquimaux; give me a Hottentot, and in six months you shall see him announce a visitor, deliver a letter, wait at table, or serve coffee, with the quiet dignity and the impassive steadiness of the most accomplished lackey. The three servants of Fiume were made by me, and their fortunes also. One has now the chief restaurant at Rome, in the Piazza di Spagna; the other is manager of the 'Iron Crown Hotel,' at Zurich; he wished to have called it the 'Arms of Marsac,' but I forbade him. I said, 'No, Pierre, no. The De Marsacs are now traveling incog.' Like the Tavanes and the Rohans, we have to wait and bide our time. Louis Napoleon is not immortal. Do you think he is?"

"I have no reason to think so."

"Well, well, you are too young to take interest in politics; not but that *I* did at fourteen: I conspired at fourteen! I will show you a stiletto Mazzini gave me on my birthday, and the motto on the blade was, 'Au service du Roi.' Ah, you are surprised at what I tell you. I hear you say to yourself, 'How the devil did he come to this place? what led him to Fiume?' A long story that; a story poor old Dumas would give one of his eyes for. There's more adventure, more scrapes by villainy, dangers, and death-blows generally, in the last twenty-two years of my life—I am now thirty-six—than in all the Monte Christos that ever were written. I will take the liberty to put another log on your fire. What do you say if we lay the cloth? It will expedite matters a little."

"With all my heart. Here are all my household goods," said I, opening a little press in the wall.

"And not to be despised, by any means. Show me what a man drinks out of, and I'll tell you what he drinks. When a man has got thin glasses like these—à la Mousseline, as we say—his tipple is Bordeaux."

"I confess the weakness," said I, laughing.

"It is my own infirmity, too," said he, sighing. "My theory is, plurality of wines is as much a mistake as plurality of wives. Coquette, if you will, with fifty, but give your affections to one. If I am any thing, I am moral. What can keep your fellow so long? I gave him but two commissions."

"Perhaps the shops were closed at this hour."

"If they were, Sir," said he, pompously, "at the word Marsac they would open. Ha, what do I see here—a piano? Am I at liberty to open it?" And without waiting for a reply he sat down, and ran his hands over the keys with a masterly facility. As he flew over the octaves, and struck chords of splendid harmony I could not help feeling an amount of credit in all his boastful declarations just from this one trait of real power about him.

"I see you are a rare musician," said I.

"And it is what I know least," said he; "though Flotow said one day, 'If that rascal De Marsac takes to writing operas I'll never compose another.' But here comes the supper;" and as he spoke my servant entered, with a small basket with six bottles in it, two waiters following him, bearing a good-sized tin box, with a charcoal fire beneath.

"Well and perfectly done!" exclaimed my guest, as he aided them to place the soup on the table, and to dispose some hors d'œuvre of anchovies, caviare, ham, and fresh butter on the board. "I am sorry we have no flowers. I love a bouquet. A few camellias for color, and some violets for smell. They relieve the grossness of the material enjoyments; they poetize the meal; and if you have no women at table, mon cher, be sure to have flowers: not that I object to both together. There, now, is our little bill of fare—a white soup, a deviled mackerel, some truffles with butter, and a capon with stewed mushrooms. Oysters they had not, not even those native shrimps they call scampi; but the wine will compensate for much: the wine is Rœdiger; Champagne, with a faint suspicion of dryness. And as he has brought ice we'll attack that Bordeaux you spoke of till it be cool enough for drinking."

As he rattled on thus it was not very easy for me to assure myself whether I was host or guest; but as [illegible] saw that this consideration did not distress *him*, I resolved it should not weigh heavily on *me*.

"I ordered a 'compote' of peaches with maraschino. Go after them and say it has been forgotten." And now, as he dismissed my servant on this errand, he sat down and served the soup, doing the honors of the board in all form. "You are called—"

"Digby is my Christian name," interrupted I, "and you can call me by it."

"Digby, I drink to your health; and if the wine had been only a little warmer, I'd say I could not wish to do so in a more generous fluid. No fellow of your age, however, knows how to air his Bordeaux; hot flannels to the caraffe before decanting are all that is necessary, and let your glasses also be slightly warmed. To sip such claret as this, and then turn one's eyes to that Champagne yonder in the ice-pail, is like the sensation of a man who in his honey-moon fancies how happy he will be one of these days, 'en secondes noces.' Don't you feel a sense of triumphant enjoyment at this moment? Is there not something at your heart that says, 'Hodnig and Oppovich, I despise you? To the regions I soar in you can not come! In the blue ether I have risen to, your very vision can not reach!' Eh, boy, tell me this."

"No; I don't think you have rightly measured my feelings. On the whole, I rather suspect I bear a very good will to these same people who have enabled me to have these comforts."

"You pretend, then, to what they call gratitude?"

"I have that weakness."

"I could as soon believe in the heathen mythology! I like the man who is kind to me while he is doing the kindness, and I could, if occasion served, be kind to him in turn; but to say that I could retain such a memory of the service after years that it would renew in me the first pleasant sensations it created, and with these sensations the good-will to requite them, is downright rubbish. You might as well tell me that I could get drunk simply by remembering the orgy I assisted at ten years ago."

"I protest against your sentiment and your logic too."

"Then we won't dispute the matter. We'll talk of something we can agree upon. Let us abuse Sara."

"If you do, you'll choose some other place to do it."

"What, do you mean to tell me that you can stand the haughty airs and proud pretensions of the young Jewess?"

"I mean to tell you that I know nothing of the Fräulein Oppovich but what is amiable and good."

"What do I care for amiable and good! I want a girl to be graceful, well-mannered, pleasing, lively to talk and eager to listen. There now, don't get purple about the cheeks and flash at me such fiery looks. Here's the Champagne, and we'll drink a bumper to her."

"Take some other name for your toast, or I'll fling your bottle out of the window."

"You will, will you?" said he, setting down his glass, and measuring me from head to foot.

"I swear it."

"I like that spirit, Digby: I'll be shot if I don't," said he, taking my hand, which I did not give very willingly. "You are just what I was some fifteen or twenty years ago—warm, impulsive, and headstrong. It's the world—that vile old mill, the world—grinds that generous nature out of one! I declare I don't believe that a spark of real trustfulness survives a man's first mustaches—and yours are very faint, very faint indeed; there's a suspicion of smut on the upper lip, and some small capillary flourishes along your cheek. That wine is too sweet. I'll return to the Bordeaux."

"I grieve to say I have no more than that bottle of it. It was some I bought when I was ill and threatened with ague."

"What profanation! any thing would be good enough for ague. It is in a man's days of vigorous health he merits cherishing. Let us console ourselves with Rœdiger. Now, boy," said he, as he cleared off a bumper from a large goblet. "I'll give you some hints for your future, far more precious than this wine, good as it is. Gustave de Marsac, like Homer's hero, can give gold for brass, and instead of wine he will give you wisdom. First of all for a word of warning: don't fall in love with Sara. It's the popular error down here to do so, but it's a cruel mistake. That fellow that has the hemp trade here—what's his name—the vulgar dog that wears mutton-chop whiskers, and fancies he's English because he gets his coats from London? I'll remember his name presently—he has all his life been proposing for Sara, and begging off—as matters go well or ill with the House of Oppovich; and as he is a shrewd fellow in business, all the young men here think they ought to 'go in' for Sara too."

I should say here, that however distasteful to me this talk, and however willingly I would have repressed it, it was totally out of my power to arrest the flow of words which, with the force of a swollen torrent, came from him. He drank freely, too, large goblets of Champagne as he talked, and to this, I am obliged to own, I looked as my last hope of being rid of him. I placed every bottle I possessed on the table, and lighting my cigar, resigned myself, with what patience I could, to the result.

"Am I keeping you up, my dear Digby?" cried he, at last, after a burst of abuse on Fiume and all that it contained that lasted about half an hour.

"I seldom sit up so late," was my cautious reply; "but I must own I have seldom such a good excuse."

"You hit it, boy; that was well and truly spoken. As a talker, of the highest order of talk, I yield to no man in Europe. Do you remember Duvergier saying in the Chambre, as an apology for being late, 'I dined with De Marsac?'"

"I can not say I remember that."

"How could you? You were an infant at the time." Away he went after this into reminiscences of political life—how deep he was in that Spanish marriage question, and how it caused a breach—an irreparable breach—between Guizot and himself, when that woman, "you know whom I mean, let out the secret to Bulwer. Of course, I ought not to have confided it to her. I know all that as well as you can tell it me; but who is wise, who is guarded, who is self-possessed at all times?"

Not entirely trustful of what he was telling me, and little interested in it besides, I brought him back to Fiume, and to the business that was now about to be confided to me.

"Ah, very true; you want your instructions. You shall have them, not that you'll need them long, mon cher. Six months—what am I saying?—three will see it all up with Hodnig and Oppovich."

"What do you mean?" cried I, eagerly.

"Just simply what I say." It was not very easy for me to follow him here, but I could gather, amidst a confused mass of self-glorification, prediction, and lamentation over warnings disregarded, and such like, that the great Jew house of "Nathanheimer" of Paris was the real head of the firm of Hodnig and Oppovich. "The Nathanheimers own all Europe and a very considerable share of America," burst he out. "You hear of a great wine-house at Xeres, or a great corn-merchant at Odessa, or a great tallow exporter at Riga. It's all Nathanheimer! If a man prospers and shows that he has skill in business, they'll stand by him, even to millions. If he blunders, they sweep him away, as I brush away that cork. There must be no failures with *them.* That's their creed."

He proceeded to explain how these great potentates of finance and trade had agencies in every great centre of Europe, who reported to them every thing that went on, who flourished, and who foundered; how, when enterprises that promised well presented themselves, Nathanheimer would advance any sum, no matter how great, that was wanted. If a country needed a railroad, if a city required a boulevard, if a sea-port wanted a dock, they were ready to furnish each and all of them. The conditions, too, were never unfair, never ungenerous, but still they bargained always for something besides money. They desired that this man would aid such a project here, or oppose that other there. Their interests were so various and wide-spread that they needed political power every where, and they had it.

One offense they never pardoned, never condoned, which was any, the slightest, insubordination among those they supported and maintained. Marsac ran over a catalogue of those they had ruined in London, Amsterdam, Paris, Frankfort, and Vienna, simply because they had attempted to emancipate themselves from the serfdom imposed upon them. Let one of the subordinate firms branch out into an enterprise unauthorized by the great house, and straightway their acceptances become dishonored and their credit assailed. In one word, he made it appear that from one end of Europe to the other the whole financial system was in the hands of a few crafty men of immense wealth, who unthroned dynasties and controlled the fate of nations with a word.

He went on to show that Oppovich had somehow fallen into disgrace with these mighty patrons. "Some say that he is too old and too feeble for business, and hands over to Sara details that she is quite unequal to deal with; some aver that he has speculated without sanction, and is intriguing with Greek democrats; others declare that he has been merely unfortunate; at all events his hour has struck. Mind my words, three months hence they'll not have Nathanheimer's agency in their house, and I suspect you'll see our friend Bettmeyer will succeed to that rich inheritance."

Rambling on, now talking with a vagueness that savored of imbecility, now speaking with a purpose-like acuteness and power that brought conviction, he sat till daybreak, drinking freely all the time, and at last so overwhelming me with strange revelations that I was often at a loss to know whether it was he that was confounding me, or that I myself had lost all control of right reason and judgment.

"You're dead beat, my poor fellow," said he at last, "and it's your own fault. You've been drinking nothing but water these last two hours. Go off to bed now, and leave me to finish this bottle. After that I'll have a plunge off the end of the mole, cold enough it will be, but no ice, and you'll find me here at ten o'clock with a breakfast appetite that will astonish you."

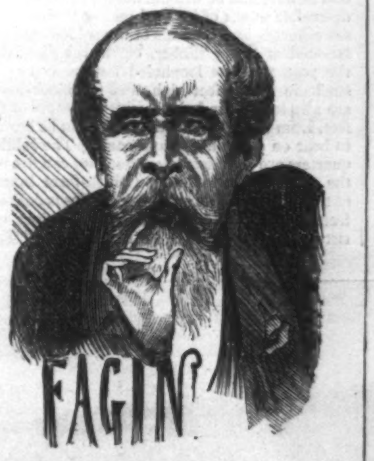
I took him at his word, and said "Good-night."

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S NEW READING.

NEARLY eleven years have passed since Mr. CHARLES DICKENS commenced his career as a professional "reader." He had read the "Christmas Carol" and the "Chimes" before public audiences on several occasions, but always in aid of the funds of some charitable institution. It was not until the evening of Thursday, the 29th April, 1858, that he appeared to give a reading for his own benefit.

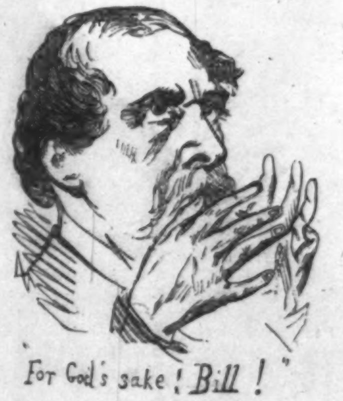
Since then, as is well known, Mr. Dickens has frequently given readings from several of his works, in London, in the principal towns of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and in the United States.

But, although among his friends and such of the outside world as had been admitted to the private performances of the Tavistock House theatricals Mr. Dickens was known to possess much dramatic power, it was not until within the last few weeks that he found scope for its exhibition on the platform. When Mr. Dickens called round him some half-hundred of his friends and acquaintances, on whose discrimination and knowledge of public audiences he had reliance, and when, after requesting their frank verdict on the experiment, he commenced the new reading, "Sikes and Nancy," until, gradually warming with excitement, he flung aside his book and acted the scene of the murder, shrieked the terrified pleadings of the girl, growled the brutal savagery of the murderer, brought looks, tones, gestures simultaneously into play to illustrate his meaning, there was no one, not even of those who had known him best or who believed in him most, but was astonished at the power and the versatility of his genius.



Grandest of all the characters stands out Fagin the Jew. There is nothing comic about him, there is nothing grand or tragic, as in Shylock; he is sordid, mean, avaricious, and revengeful; and Mr. Dickens shows him to you in every phase. You read it in his rounded shoulders, in his sunken chin, in his puckered cheeks and hanging brow, in his gleaming eyes and quivering, clutching hands, in the lithe shiftiness of his movements, and the intense earnestness of his attitudes. The voice is husky and with a slight lisp, but there is no nasal intonation, a bent back, but no shoulder-shrug: the conventional attributes are omitted, the conventional words are never spoken; and the Jew fence, crafty and cunning even in his bitter vengeance, is there before us, to the life.

Next comes Nancy. Readers of the old editions of "Oliver Twist" will doubtless recollect how desperately difficult it was to fight against the dreadful impression which Mr. George Cruikshank's picture of Nancy left upon the mind, and how it required all the assistance of the author's genius to preserve interest in the stunted, squab, round-faced trull whom the artist had depicted. No such ill-favored slut would have found a protector in Sikes, who among his set and in his profession was a man of mark. We all know Nancy's position; but just because we know it we are certain she must have had some amount of personal comeliness, which Mr. Cruikshank has entirely denied her. In the reading we get none of the common side of her character, which peeps forth occasionally in the earlier volumes. She is the heroine, doing evil that good may come of it—breaking the trust reposed in her that the man she loves and they among whom she has lived may be brought to better lives. With the dread shadow of impending death upon her, she is thrillingly earnest, almost prophetic. Thus, in accordance with a favorite custom of the author, during the interview on the steps at London Bridge, not only does the girl's language rise from the tone of everyday life and become imbued with dramatic imagery and fervor, but that eminently prosaic old person, Mr. Brownlow, becomes affected in the same manner, saying "before this river wakes to life," and indulging in other romantic types and metaphors. This may be scarcely lifelike, but it is very effective in the reading, enchaining the attention of the audience and forming a fine contrast to the simple pathos of the dialogue in the murder-scene, every word of which is in the highest degree natural and well-placed. It is here, of course, that the excitement of the audience is wrought to its highest pitch, and that the acme of the actor's art is reached. The raised hands, the bent-back head, are good; but shut your eyes, and the illusion is more complete. Then the cries for mercy, the "Bill! dear Bill! for dear God's sake!" uttered in tones in which the agony of fear prevails even over the earnestness of the prayer, the dead, dull voice as hope departs, are intensely real. When the pleading ceases, you open your eyes in relief, in time to see the impersonation of the murderer seizing a heavy club and striking his victim to the ground.


For God's sake! Bill!"

I would have the reading end here. I would have the curtain descend, as it were, upon that deed of blood. I would have no more of Sikes, nothing of the pleasant humor of Mrs. Gamp. Throughout the entire scene of the murder, from the entrance of Sikes into the house until the catastrophe, the silence was intense—the old phrase, "a pin might have been heard to drop," might have been legitimately employed. It was a great study to watch the faces of the people—eager, excited, intent—permitted for once in a lifetime to be natural, forgetting to be British and cynical and unimpassioned. The great strength of this feeling did not last into the concluding five minutes. The people were earnest and attentive; but the wild excitement so seldom seen among us died as Nancy died, and the rest was somewhat of an anti-climax.

A LOVER'S QUARREL.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

CAN I think how it happened? Vaguely.
  She was there on the porch, you know,
The white of the woodbines above her,
  The pomp of the roses below;
And zealously stitching, as usual,
  At the work you have doubtless seen—
An impossible worsted parrot,
  A solecism in green.

I stood by the gate and watched her,
  With fancies lovingly queer
As those in your book of poems, Tom—
  The book that was damned last year.
And so richly the sunbeams jeweled
  Her hair in its golden knot,
That you, with your knack for sonnets,
  Would have scribbled one on the spot!

But when I unfastened the gate, Tom,
  The noise of its clinking latch
Made her look from the parrot's crimson wing
  With a crimson blush to match;
And the speed of her nimble needle
  Was stopped with a sweet surprise
As she led me up through the roses
  By the glad light in her eyes.

And then for an hour and longer
  On the shadowy porch we sat,
With humming-birds in the woodbine
  To dreamily echo our chat—
Light, wandering talk, and careless—
  Of many a trivial thing,
But somehow beneath it a hidden joy,
  Like the gleam of the wedding-ring.

It is wonderful, Tom, how often
  A sensible man will try,
When his measure of bliss looks perfect,
  To fling it wantonly by;
The reverse, I suppose, of that impulse
  Which prompts us to shrink from pain,
And a problem in metaphysics
  I am powerless to explain.

Did you ever contemplate in rapture,
  Like the poet's frenzy fine,
Some marvel of delicate color
  And faultlessly chaste design,
And feel at the moment a longing,
  Destructively lunatic,
To stab the immortal canvas
  With a lunge of your walking-stick?

Don't smile; for a similar madness
  Attacked me, I'm sure, that day.
How the quarrel began or ended
  'Twould be idle, perhaps, to say.
But the serpent that stole to our Eden
  (And I state, Tom, what I mean)
Took the form of a worsted parrot,
  A solecism in green.

I chose to be stupidly fretful
  That the eyes I loved were bent
Always toward the tiresome bird,
  On its crimson wing intent.
What I said is hard to remember;
  Entre nous, I'd rather not try:
'Twas a wish, I believe, that the parrot
  Could make use of his wing and fly.

Her answer was apt and ready—
  You know, Tom, the darling's wit—
"Poor bird! as it's only worsted
  You must fly, I suppose, from *it*."
What then? Old fellow, don't ask me.
  I was petulant, she much more;
We quarreled and parted.—You're laughing,
  You unsympathetic bore!

But, Tom, as you go there this evening,
  While I sit gloomily here,
Could you manage—I know you *will*, Tom—
  To whisper a word in her ear?
Just mention how dearly I love her,
  And say how forlorn I've been,
And all for that odious parrot,
  That solecism in green!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE BEST HAT FOR A BETTING MAN—A wide-awake.

An Alabama editor, in puffing a grocery kept by a woman, says: "Her tomatoes are as red as her own cheeks, her indigo is as blue as her own eyes, and her pepper as hot as her own temper."

Hair-pins are the only sure preventive against hair falling off.

A SENSELESS SAYING.

"Pluck up your courage." Do nothing of the sort! Foster and cherish it. The deeper rooted it is the better. It will stand you in rare good stead one of these dark nights.

FOG-SIGNALS—Coughs and colds.

KILLING TIME—Shooting a *sentry*.

A DREADFUL DEED—A warrant for execution.

Irish citizen in his grief is asked by his friend, "What's the matter?" "Matter, indade? Why, here, I insured my brother's life only two weeks ago, and yesterday he got killed wid a derrick. And when I came to tell these insurancers they'd been after making some mistake, the blaguards, they tried to bribe me off with a hundred pounds, as if I was a haythen to sell my brother's blood."

IF YOU WANT A KISS, TAKE IT.

There's a jolly Saxon proverb
  That is pretty much like this,
That a man is half in heaven
  When he has a woman's kiss.
But there's danger in delaying,
  And the sweetness may forsake it;
So I tell you, bashful lover,
  If you want a kiss, why take it.

Never let another fellow
  Steal a march on you in this,
Never let a laughing maiden
  See you spoiling for a kiss.
There's a royal way to kissing
  And the jolly ones who make it
Have a motto that is winning:
  If you want a kiss, why take it.

Any fool may face a cannon—
  Any body wear a crown—
But a man must win a woman
  If he'd have her for his own.
Would you have the golden apple,
  You must find the tree and shake it;
If the toiling is worth the haying,
  And you want a kiss, why take it.

Who would burn upon a desert,
  With a forest smiling by?
Who would give his sunny summer
  For a bleak and wintry sky?
Oh! I tell you there is magic
  And you can not, can not break it,
For the sweetest part of living
  Is to want a kiss and—take it.

"Doctor," said a gentleman to a physician, "my daughter had a fit this morning, and afterward remained for half an hour without knowledge or understanding."

"Oh," replied the doctor, "never mind that; many people continue so all their lives."

THE ARMY DRILL.

FOR 1869.

FALL IN—Love with some amiable and virtuous young woman on the first opportunity you may have.

ATTENTION—Pay to her, assiduously and respectfully.

RIGHT FACE—Pop the question like a man, and she'll accept you.

QUICK MARCH—With her to church, and go through the service of holy matrimony.

HALT—And reflect seriously for a few moments; then determine to devote yourself entirely to your wife.

RIGHT ABOUT FACE—From the haunts you have frequented when single, and prefer your own home.

ADVANCE ARMS—To your young wife when out walking together, and don't let her walk three or four yards behind you.

BREAK OFF—Billiard playing, betting, and staying out at night, if you wish to have a happy home.

An Irishman complained to his physician that he stuffed him so much with drugs, that he was sick a long time after he got well.

A wag calls Grecian architecture the "stoops" that ladies use at present.

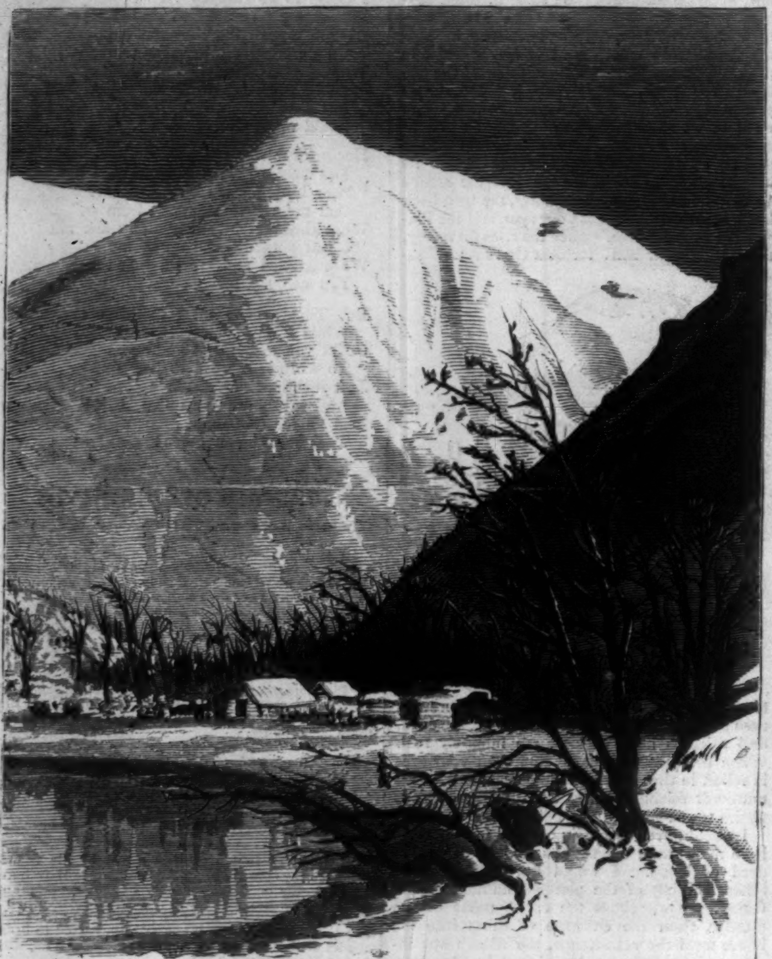
Josh Billings says: "When a young man ain't good for any thing else, I like tew see him carry a gold-headed cane. If he can't buy a cane, let him part his hair in the middle."

RHYMING CALENDAR.

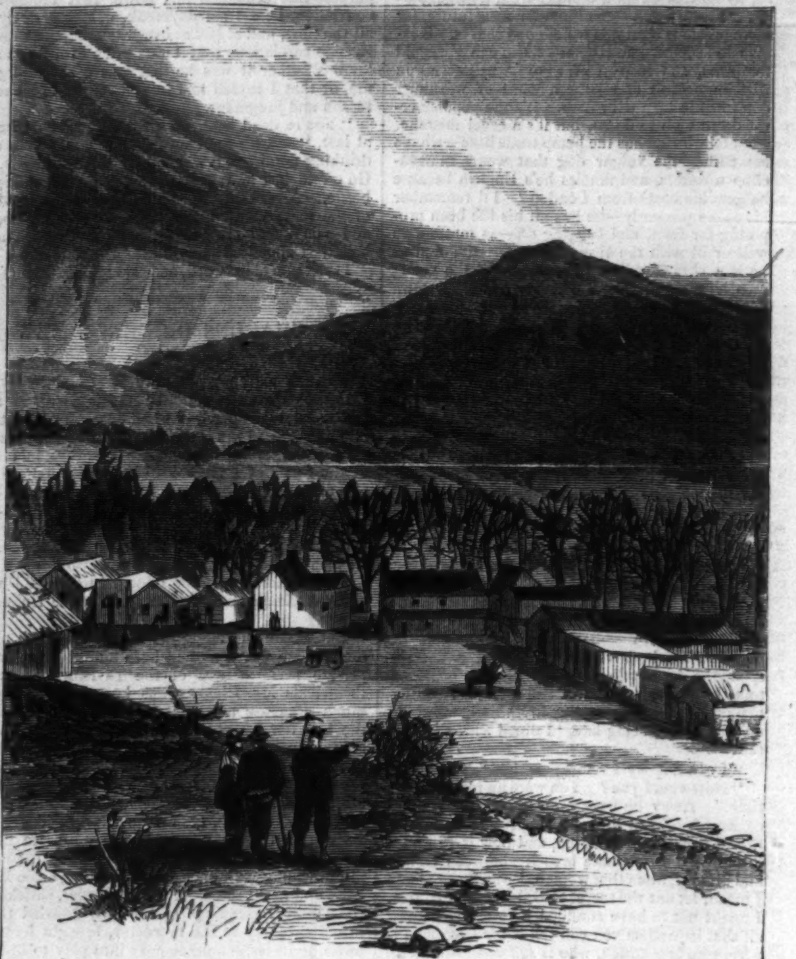
January snowy,
February flowy,
March blowy,
April showery,
May flowery,
June bowery,
July moppy,
August croppy,
September poppy,
October breezy,
November wheezy,
December freezy.

An old minister the other day asked a woman what could be done to induce her husband to attend church. "I don't know," she replied, "unless you were to put a pipe and a jug of whisky in the pew."

A noted politician was once asserting his entire indifference to the opinions of his opponents, and to their personal abuse. "Why," said he, "a man likened me the other day to Judas Iscariot, but I don't care." "Yes," said a by-stander, "but how does Judas feel about it?"



THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD—SCENE AT WEBER CANON, UTAH.



THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD—TERMINUS AT ECHO CITY, UTAH.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD IN UTAH.

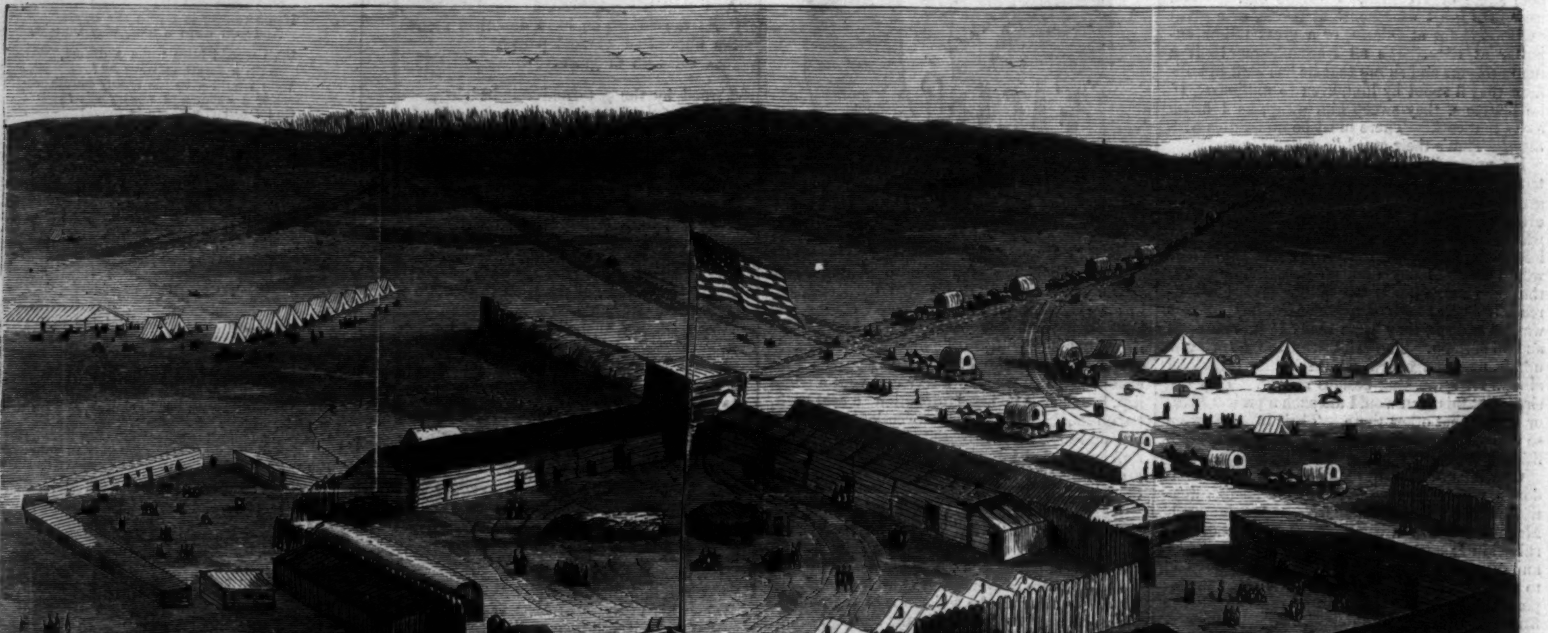
Echo City, represented in one of our illustrations on this page, is the present terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad in Utah. The accompanying picture is a sketch of Weber Cañon in the same vicinity, being situated on the east of Salt Lake and a few miles north of Salt Lake City. It is now almost certain that this railroad, connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific Ocean, will be completed by the end of the coming June. The transportation of passengers and specie and of precious goods will thus find an appropriate channel. This railroad will result in the rehabilitation of Eastern Asia.

CAMP SUPPLY, INDIAN TERRITORY.

The post is situated near the confluence of the "Beaver River" and "Wolf Creek," which, uniting, form the north fork of the Canadian River. The view of Wolf Creek, in our sketch, is obstructed by the timber, which at this point is very dense. The site was originally selected by Brevet Brigadier-General Alfred Sully, Lieutenant-Colonel Third Infantry, on a previous expedition, in the month of September, 1868, the column which he commanded having had a severe skirmish near this place while crossing Wolf Creek, at a point which is designated as "Bald Hill." This post was planned by General Sully, and is, without doubt, one of the most defensible works of its kind on the Plains. The store-houses and quarters of the soldiers are constructed of heavy timber, cut in the vicinity of the post, and are loopholed for musketry; the stockade is ten feet high, and the block-houses are also ten feet in height, with a parapet of four feet, from which an additional fire can be brought to bear on all points of approach. The soldiers' quarters are so constructed that they can fire over the roofs of the buildings (which form lunettes at the angles), while an additional fire is delivered from the loopholes inside. The garrison consists of Companies "B," "E," and "F," Third U. S. Infantry; Company "G," Thirty-eighth Infantry, with "C" Troop, Tenth U. S. Cavalry, the whole commanded by Brevet Major J. H. Page, Captain Third U. S. Infantry.

BURNING OF THE INTERNATIONAL HOTEL AT ST. PAUL.

The fire at St. Paul, Minnesota, on the 3d instant, destroyed property estimated at over $100,000. The International Hotel and four other buildings were laid in ruins. The occupants of the hotel, two hundred and six in number, were suddenly alarmed at twenty minutes



CAMP SUPPLY, INDIAN TERRITORY.

past five o'clock in the morning. The flames spread with great rapidity, and the lodgers found it impossible to secure even their clothing. Several persons, occupying rooms on the third floor, were obliged to escape by means of ladders. No lives were lost. Among the lodgers were several members of the Minnesota Legislature.

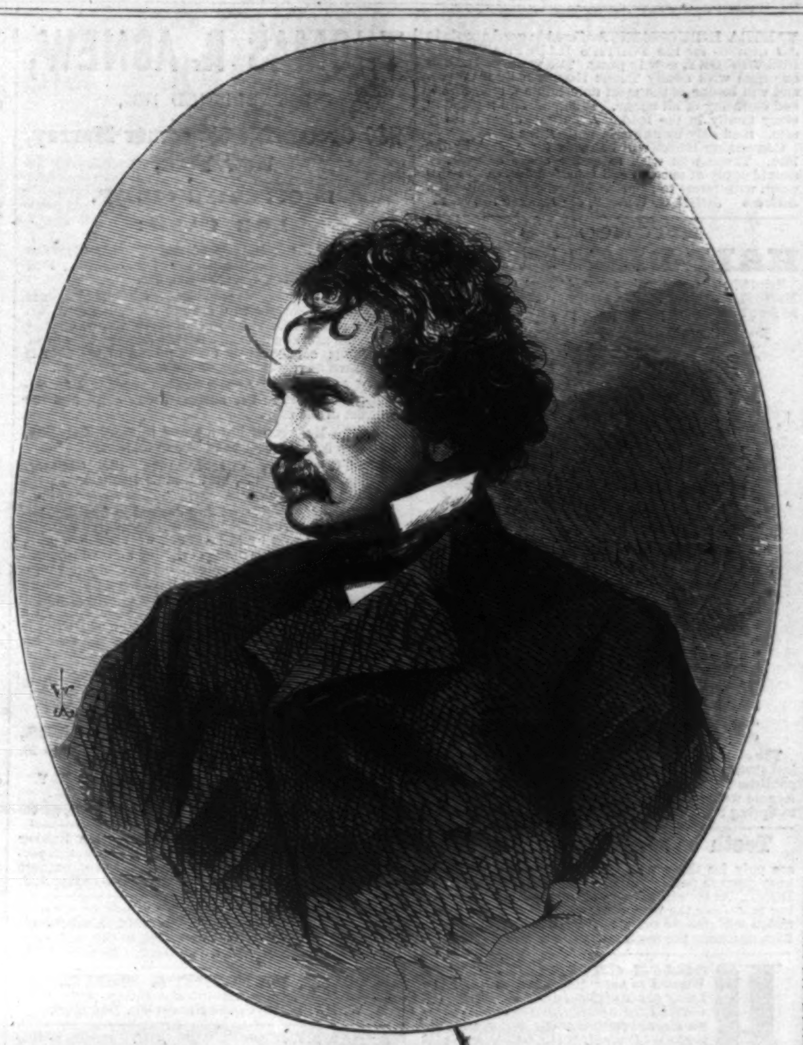
JAMES T. BRADY.

Genius pertains always and exclusively to the moral nature. Spiritual *sympathy* is its very atmosphere. But this sympathy in some men is so entirely occupied and absorbed in an ideal world, and is so exclusively directed toward goals that are only discerned by the highest order of prophetic instinct, that it scarcely touches the individual heart: its appeal is to the race. Our Platos operate by cycles—through the attraction of gravitation, rather than through molecular affinities. This, perhaps, is the highest order of human power; it is certainly the grandest.

But there is another kind of genius that does not elevate itself above the immediate circle of its movement, but which most strongly allies itself with the moral forces with which it comes in contact. To this order belongs the subject of our sketch. His eminence and wonderful tact as a lawyer, and his success as a politician, were due to a genius of this kind, aided by an active and brilliant intellect, well stored with knowledge, and ripened by culture.

James T. Brady was born in this city, April 9, 1815. Both of his parents were natives of Ireland; and his father, who emigrated to this country in 1812, before entering the legal profession, prepared young gentlemen for college, numbering among his pupils Archbishop M'Closkey. James was the eldest of his children. He studied law in his father's office, and was admitted to the bar in 1836. His practice was extensive, and in 1845 he was appointed Corporation Counsel of New York city, holding that position for two terms. He was chiefly known from his connection with criminal cases.

Among the important criminal cases in which Mr. Brady was engaged for the defense were the trial of Daniel E. Sickles for the killing of Francis Barton Key, in Washington; the case of M'Donald, of Mobile, for the killing of Virginia Stewart, in Broadway; the case of Huntington, the Wall Street banker, in which the defense of moral insanity was set up; the Jefferds case, in which the prisoner was charged with the murder of Walton and Mathews; the case of Madame Restell, in which he was associated with the late David Graham, the prisoner being charged with having produced abortion; the Baker-Poole trial—Bill Poole having been shot at Stanwix Hall, Broadway, in 1854; the Kane arson case, wherein the prisoner was tried for having set fire to buildings in the Third Avenue, and several lives were lost by means of the conflagration. There were also many other criminal trials of lesser note in which he was counsel for the prisoner. As a proof of his extraordinary success as a criminal lawyer it may be stated that of all the persons he has defended for capital offenses, only one ever suffered the extreme penalty of the law. The last criminal case of importance, the defense of which was conducted by Mr. Brady, was that of General Cole, who was tried in Albany a few months since for the killing of Hon. Mr. Hiscock, a member of the late Constitutional Convention.

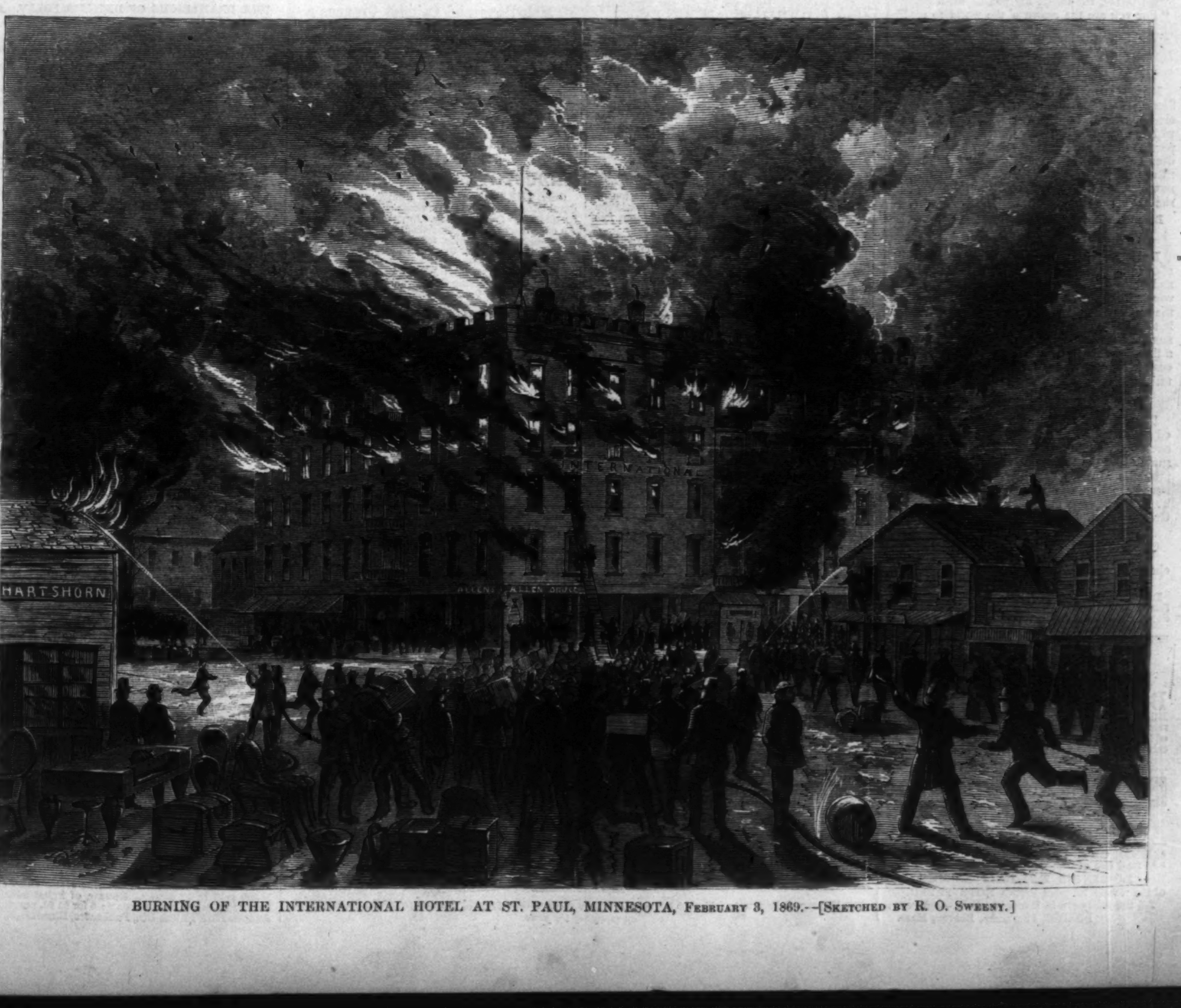

THE LATE JAMES T. BRADY.—[Photographed by Rockwood, 809 Broadway.]

Few men have left behind them a larger circle of cherished friends than Mr. Brady. His kindness and courtesy endeared him to all. With the younger members of the bar he was an especial favorite, always ready to aid them by his counsel and advice. A large number of young lawyers owe their success, in no small degree, to the kindly encouragement given them by him in times of trouble and despondency.

Mr. Brady was never married. His political sympathies have always been with the Democratic party; but he supported the Administration against the rebellion, and upheld the Draft law of 1863. He devoted a considerable portion of his time to literary efforts, and was a popular lecturer. His appreciation of the ludicrous was very great; and his sallies of wit before the bar or in the rostrum were always ready and irresistible in their effect. His eloquence as an advocate was often more than a match for superior legal attainments.

ANECDOTE OF LORD ELDON.

The Chancellor was sitting in his study over a table of papers, when a young and lovely girl, somewhat rustic in her attire, slightly embarrassed by the novelty of her position, but thoroughly in command of her wits, entered the room, and walked up to the lawyer's chair. "My dear," said the Chancellor, rising and bowing with the Old-World courtesy, "who are you?" "Lord Eldon," answered the blushing maiden, "I am Bessie Bridge, of Weobly, the daughter of the Vicar of Weobly, and papa has sent me to remind you of a promise which you made him when I was a little baby, and you were a guest in his house on the occasion of your first election as Member of Parliament for Weobly." "A promise, my dear young lady?" interposed the Chancellor, trying to recall how he had pledged himself. "Yes, Lord Eldon, a promise. You were standing over my cradle when papa said to you, 'Mr. Scott, promise me that, if ever you are Lord Chancellor, when my little girl is a poor clergyman's wife you will give her husband a living;' and you answered, 'Mr. Bridge, my promise is not worth half-a-crown, but I give it to you, wishing it were worth more!'" Enthusiastically the Chancellor exclaimed, "You are quite right; I admit the obligation; I remember all about it;" and then,



BURNING OF THE INTERNATIONAL HOTEL AT ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA, February 3, 1869.—[Sketched by R. O. Sweeny.]

after a pause, archly surveying the damsel, whose graces were the reverse of matronly, he added, "But surely the time for making good my promise has not yet arrived? You can not be any one's wife at present?" For a few seconds Bessie hesitated for an answer; and then with a blush, and a ripple of silver laughter, she replied, "No, but I do so wish to be somebody's wife! I am engaged to a young clergyman, and there is a living in Herefordshire, near my old home, that has recently fallen vacant, and if you give it to Alfred, why then, Lord Eldon, we shall be married before the end of the year." Is there need to say that the Chancellor forthwith summoned his secretary, that the secretary forthwith made out the presentation to Bessie's lover, and that, having given the Chancellor a warm expression of her gratitude, Bessie made good speed back to Herefordshire, hugging the precious document the whole way home?

EACH TO HIS OWN.

"O MY sweetest, and O my dearest,
  How rich the summer is, having you!
Over your head the sky is clearest,
  Warmest sunshine and freshest dew."
So, with a lover's flattering breath,
The butterfly to his daisy saith.

"Ah my sweetest, and ah my fairest!"
  Brushing her face with a tender touch;
"Of all the flowers you are the rarest"—
  And all the meadows are full of such!
O royal rose, sitting up alone,
Is there any thing more for you to own?

Ho, blue heavens that bend above her!
  Ho, little daisy down in the grass!
Who would guess her to have a lover
  More than others we daily pass?
Why love cometh or stays away
Truly there's none but love can say.

The little brown robin leafy-nested,
  Quiet and small and plain is she;
But listen to robin scarlet-breasted!
  He is as proud as proud can be.
None could praise her with sweeter words
If she were wife to the king of birds.

The sweetest home in the forest's bosom
  None but the happy owner knows;
And to be called the fairest blossom
  It isn't needful to be a rose.
O love, you surely are blind to see
In all the meadows only me!

Truer than truth, love, when you flatter!
  Say, do you know, O great, grand skies,
That all your shining's a useless matter
  Without—he said it!—without these eyes?
"Be proud, my daisy, my pearl," saith he,
"For you are the crown o' the world to me!"

CARL SPENCER.

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MRS. MAXEY has had her Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine in almost daily use for over eleven years, without any repairs. She has done with her own hands during that period the larger portion of the sewing for a family of eleven children on the machine, and a part of the time for fifteen or twenty farm servants. She would not now change her Wheeler & Wilson for any other she has ever seen. R. MAXEY.

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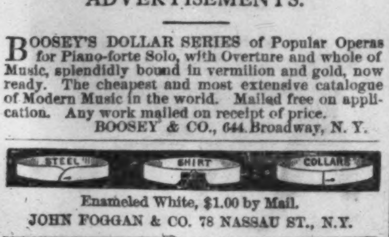

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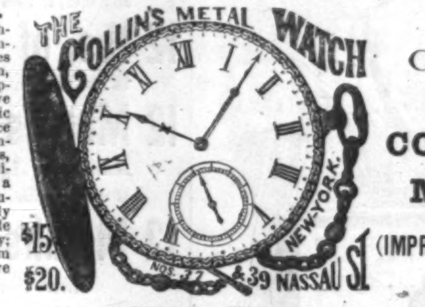

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